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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

King Constantine has been interviewed by the "Times" and by the Associated Press, and he has referred to certain "facts". By far the most important of these "facts" relate to a secret treaty between Greece and Serbia. King Constantine says that this treaty "was only to come into force in case either Greece or Serbia were attacked by Bulgaria alone". This Græco-Serbian treaty was not, King Constantine declares, a perpetual and a general defensive agreement between the two countries, providing that, in the event of an attack upon either of the parties by any Third Power, it would then be the duty and bond of either signatory to come to the help of the other. **KNOWING THE FACTS, WE BEG MOST ABSOLUTELY TO DIFFER.**

Lord Derby's campaign draws to an end, from what we have seen of the recruiting during the last week, in a final grand drive of quite a number of the more or less vigorous young men who would "rather come than be fetched" to the attestation table. All other arguments have tended to disappear save only the argument that by being forcibly persuaded into the recruiting office to-day it is possible to avoid being persuasively forced into the recruiting office to-morrow. The argument seems to have had a very marked success with thousands of eligible men in the last few days, although it would, of course, be very rash to suppose that all the men who have been rushing to the recruiting offices this week are the healthy and unembarrassed young soldiers without families or dependents, whom the Government is expressly out to secure. Lord Derby's announcement—he has kept his counsel well in these last days—will settle that before the war is appreciably older.

Rumour and counter-rumour no longer hides from sight the position in Southern Serbia. On Thursday afternoon the War Office brought the public face to face with somewhat serious news. On 6 December

the Bulgarians, after a heavy bombardment, attacked our troops to the west of Lake Doiran. Our advanced trenches were entered by small parties of the enemy, who were immediately driven out with the bayonet. But the Bulgarians renewed the attack next morning, and by weight of superior numbers drove our men out of their trenches. Under cover of darkness the British troops were withdrawn to a new line. Another fight took place on the 8th; it was favourable to our side; and in the evening our men withdrew again to a new position in order to conform with the French alignment, which had also been pressed back. Non-official reports add to this information, but the official alone should be taken as guides.

The set-back in Mesopotamia has cost us 643 killed, 3,330 wounded, and 594 missing. Lord Crewe has stated in the House of Lords that the expedition was planned and armed with the greatest care by the best authorities, and that its mission was in part political and in part military. After the taking of Kut-el-Amara on 29 September, a free hand was given to the general commanding, and the general decided to march on towards Baghdad.

At Ctesiphon General Townshend's division won the day against heavy odds, but afterwards the arrival of Turkish reinforcements threatened wide flanking movements, so General Townshend made an ordered retreat, bearing with him his wounded and 1,600 prisoners. He has reached Kut-el-Amara, where heavy fighting occurred on Monday. No charge whatever can be brought against the generalship or against the troops. As Lord Sydenham has said, the British force was largely composed of Indian troops who for more than a year had been away from their homes, enduring the extreme stress of a summer in Mesopotamia, and fighting superbly against long odds after great hardships.

The achievements of British submarines are less popular than they ought to be. Astonishing deeds

have been done with chivalrous valour both in the Baltic and in the Sea of Marmora, yet they are not very often mentioned. On Monday, for instance, an official report described the feats of a submarine in the Sea of Marmora. But they have passed by almost unnoticed.

On 3 December the submarine torpedoed and sank a Turkish destroyer named *Yar Hissar*, which was doing her business outside the Gulf of Ismid. The submarine picked up two officers and 40 men and put them on board a sailing vessel. The day before she fired into and damaged a train on the Ismid Railway; and on the 4th she sank with her guns a supply steamer of 3,000 tons off Panderma, and destroyed four sailing ships carrying supplies. Here is a raiding defender of the entrenched men at Gallipoli.

A German movement on the Western front has assumed some importance. It began on Tuesday, when the Germans took 260 yards of advanced trench in Champagne, south-west of St. Souplet. A part of this loss was regained by the French in immediate counter-attack, but on Wednesday the position became obscure, the French claiming that their counter-attack continued to make progress by means of grenades, while the Berlin report from Main Headquarters spoke of a French failure, with the loss of three machine-guns. Elsewhere there have been signs that Germany wants to interrupt the plans and preparations of our fighting lines.

The visit of the Kaiser to Vienna has to do with the domestic economy of the Central Powers; and it is not possible to know exactly what in detail it implies. But the main fact is clear enough. Germany is putting some of that stiffening into Austria, politically and economically, which the German general staff has already put into the Austrian armies. Those who talked of Austria in the early days of the war as virtually knocked out of the fighting neglected to take account of what German drive and system might bring to the help of a partner made of stuff less stern and durable. There can be no question of separate arrangements with a defeated Austria. Germany is in the saddle and Austria—"though she be a tired horse, yet she will plod".

The German talk of peace is, of course, not for a moment to be seriously regarded or taken in good faith. It angles for neutrals, for international financiers who desire peace, and for any peace-party among the Allies which may, for all the Germans know, be ready at this stage to nibble at a pacifist worm. It also angles for German public opinion at home. It strengthens the German Government to be able to say that it has shown itself ready to make peace upon reasonable terms—reasonable terms based on a year of victorious progress by land; and that this reasonable peace has been virtually refused by its enemies. This peace talk is part of the German war-game; and behind it Germany will do what she did last winter—prepare night and day against the coming spring.

We referred last week to a foolish and disloyal peace meeting organised by the Union of Democratic Control. This meeting was broken up by the spontaneous action of an indignant crowd, in which several soldiers in uniform took part. The organisers of this meeting have since publicly and in Parliament tried to establish that the meeting was broken up by an organised conspiracy, and have been pleased to draw inferences from their allegations not entirely complimentary to the "military element". Mr. Tennant in the House on Monday was too tender and considerate in dealing with these intriguers. The charges against our soldiers touch the honour of our Armies, and Mr. Tennant had in his hand overwhelming evidence of the crazy falsehood and bitterness of their defamers. Yet he half-apologised to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald on Monday.

The Union of Democratic Control is a mischievous conspiracy, conducting in more ways than the public is aware of a cunning and persistent stop-the-war campaign. The public got to know of the intention of this meeting in Farringdon Street, and it very rightly intervened. The right of free speech, for which its champions have clamoured in and out of Parliament during the last few days, implies a right in the public to refuse a hearing to people who offend its intelligence and its patriotism. There was no organised plan to riot and break up the meeting of the Union of Democratic Control. But there were dissentients present—they were not hooligans, and their passes were not forged—who were justly moved to indignation by "great provocation" and "injudicious attacks" from the platform.

President Wilson's message to Congress is a notable instance of the way in which the war is emphasising everywhere the principle of nationalism. Those who foolishly talk of a war to end war would do well to note the effect of the war on the United States. It has not promoted there any great access of international fervour. It has, on the contrary, made America most intensely aware of her own individual interests as a nation, and it has definitely started the American President upon a policy of making America prepared and ready, whenever challenged, to assert her interests and her principles by force of arms. The great war, despite our fluent disarmament party, is not proving that war is out of date, and it does not hold out any prospect that warships and big guns will all be scrapped upon the day of settlement. President Wilson is seen to be shrewdly building up a bigger fleet than any American would have allowed to be necessary two years ago, and he is heard to be insisting on the "national preparedness" and of the necessity of a standing Army.

President Wilson's message is in logical coherence with his whole attitude as to the war—the attitude we lately defined in an article on the American point of view. The President insists upon the neutrality, not alone of the Government, but of every loyal American. He demands that every American shall put America first, and think only of America. Though his severest criticism is directed against the German-American conspirators who have lately plotted to destroy American property, this criticism—we must face the truth quite squarely—equally falls upon the Americans who profess themselves as openly on the side of the Allies. He denounces the German-Americans, and he asks for legislation to deal with them. But he also denounces all those who "criticise his policies". Both parties of active propagandists are, in the President's view, equally bad Americans. They "put their passionate sympathy with one or other side in the great European conflict above their regard for the peace and dignity of the United States. They preach and practise disloyalty".

These are strong words, but it is now fairly clear to close observers of American opinion that they really express the attitude of the American public. At least ninety per cent. of Americans are behind President Wilson in his policy of neutrality. America, in fact, has become a nation, and the war is helping her to become more aware of her nationality than she has ever been before. This is implicit in every paragraph of the President's message. More especially is it asserted that American policy will secure what American finance is at the moment preparing—namely, a supreme commercial and political interest in keeping the European nations as remote as possible from the South American Republics.

The British public receives with friendly attention all this evidence of America's resolution to be secure. We have always recognised and respected the neutrality of America. The American Government

has decided that the war on its merits does not sufficiently involve either her interest or her honour to bring her within its range by any wise or reasonable reckoning. America decided that the invasion of Belgium was not her affair, and, this being so, we can only demand of her that, having omitted to claim a share in the fighting, she will also omit to claim a share in the settlement, or in any peace intrigues which the German Foreign Office may set on foot. Hitherto in this matter President Wilson has acted in a manner entirely correct. He has stood quite aloof from the absurd performances of Mr. Ford and Mr. Bryan's peace party.

We notice that an outcry is being attempted in certain quarters for a general election, with all its turmoil, welter, and party passion, early next year. That would be an insane plan, except from a German point of view. People of judgment do not desire it, the Army and Navy would be scandalised by it, and the country will not have it.

The Bill for the prolonging of the life of Parliament ingeniously saves the party interests of the Radical coccyx by assuming that the year 1916 follows the year 1915. There are of course to-day no party politics—a fact which in practice has enabled the meanest political agitators in the late Government to secure an agreed and peaceable security for all those measures which once were disputed by their opponents. The Sneaks Bill is saved owing to a plentiful lack of generosity and fair play in its principal champions and inventors. They see no reason, though there be a war and a coalition, why a splendid chance of doing their late political opponents in the eye should be allowed to lapse.

We note that Sir John Simon, speaking of the Plural Voting Bill, used an appropriate word: he said that the "promoters" of that measure must not be allowed to lose whatever advantages they had secured by its having twice passed the House of Commons. Promoters of a fraudulent company occur so naturally to one in this connection.

It was announced in the House of Commons on Thursday that the Law Officers of the Crown are arranging to take smaller salaries. That shows their patriotism, and it is what we should expect from the two holders of these offices to-day. But the outcry in various quarters in favour of docking this Minister's salary and that Minister's does not strike one as a particularly decent or public-spirited cry. Those who are calling out for such reductions are, one has a shrewd suspicion, taking very good care not to inconvenience themselves more than can be helped. It is not unlike the patriotism and public spirit of the rigid and censorious abstainer from alcohol, who takes two good square meals a day—often of meat—and then prides himself on his teetotalism.

Mr. Jennings once said of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett that he was paid a thousand a year, as Civil Lord of the Admiralty, to keep his mouth shut in the House and open in the country. There is renewed talk now of docking the M.P.s' salaries. But might it be a discreeter course to double the salaries of some of our irrepressibles in the House on the strict understanding that, unlike Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, they keep their mouths closed both in the House and in the country? This week, for instance, one or two of these gentlemen have been urging the Government to give them an account of Lord Kitchener's tour in the Balkans, etc., and of what he accomplished there. Mr. Asquith snubbed them politely. Mr. King, M.P., and his friends may next ask to be supplied with full particulars—well in advance of the operations—of any important move likely to be made by British troops in France, the Dardanelles, and the Balkans, in order

that these particulars may be threshed out by the strategists and tacticians on the back Radical benches. That, at least, would serve to shorten the war.

The Rent Bill is having a somewhat troubled experience in Committee, but Mr. Walter Long guides it tactfully and gives interest to the technical matters which have to be explained. It is a useful and necessary Bill, and Mr. Long is doing a real public service in giving his mind to the difficult and not very inspiring work connected with it.

We read with astonishment the Romanes Lecture of Professor E. B. Poulton. It is strange to find Professor Poulton, correct and unanswerable upon his own ground and subject, stepping ignorantly into a criticism of the Government on the question of contraband and starving the enemy which is nothing more nor less than a rechauffé of a stale and irresponsible M.P.s' campaign. Professor Poulton speaks like those loud advisers who in last July talked as though, if cotton were made contraband of war, we should soon be walking unopposed into Berlin. Cotton has actually been declared contraband of war since then; and the declaration has made almost no practical difference. If Professor Poulton will look for half-an-hour into this matter he will understand why the declaring of cotton to be contraband has made almost no practical difference to Germany; and he will learn also, perhaps, to take the neutral nations into rather more serious account. The public also should look into this matter of contraband. It will then be less inclined to take seriously those bores in the House this week, whom Lord Robert Cecil gave such a trouncing—Sir H. Dalziel, Markham, Pringle and Co.

Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, M.P., seems to have drawn blood on Monday in the House of Commons when he called Sir John Simon's attention to an article which the novelist, Mr. Arnold Bennett, contributed unconsciously to the "Cologne Gazette". This article appears to have sworn that England never, never will forsake that dear Micawber of hers, "the voluntary principle". It was first printed in the "Daily News", but the "Cologne Gazette" seized it as a useful article for heartening Germany and borrowing a custom from this country, dressed it up with suitable headlines for a "splash" page. One of these headlines ran: "England's Limited War Strength"; and, underneath this legend, appeared Mr. Bennett's contribution to the "Daily News".

We have not read Mr. Arnold Bennett's article either in the "Cologne Gazette" or in the parent organ, and are therefore at a disadvantage as critics; but there seems no doubt that the "Daily News", thanks to Mr. Bennett, has this time itself committed the sin which Sir John Simon last week deplored in the "Times" and "Daily Mail"—it has been heartening Germany! Sir John Simon announced that he should not take action against the "Daily News" and Mr. Bennett in the matter. That is a wise decision: we have had enough of inadvertent Press debates in the House of Commons for this year.

We fear, from independent inquiries, that there may be too much truth in what Professor Low says in the SATURDAY REVIEW to-day, and that the public and the authorities of this country have been unfortunately—very unfortunately—advised in the past as to Bulgaria and the King of Bulgaria.

Stephen Phillips was that very rare literary figure of modern times—a poet who wrote for the theatre. With the possible exception of Wilde, he did more to close the gap between literature and the stage than any man of his time. Nevertheless his reputation will assuredly come to rest upon his lyrics. It is finer to have even a middle place among the English poets since Browning and Swinburne than to have the highest place of all among our modern dramatists.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE NAVY OR NOTHING.

TO-DAY ends the final recruiting rally. We do not know whether Lord Derby has seen his way to get the voluntary principle out of the Bankruptcy Court and to enable it to pay off its debts; but if Lord Derby as Receiver cannot get it out nobody else can. A property which cannot be extricated by the combined efforts of Lord Kitchener and Lord Derby, backed by the first man and, rightly, the most popular man in England to-day—the King—is in a parlous state. The nation has no one else worth mentioning to turn to if this very powerful triumvirate cannot get the voluntary principle out of bankruptcy; and sooner or later—the later the bloodier—it will have to adopt a new and sterner principle than the threat of compulsion—effective though that seems to have been during the last few days—or after doddering on for a few months or a few years it will have to make peace. As to talking of “smashing for ever” the whole military mechanism and mind of Prussia and the like, on our past limping lines, we might as well talk of smashing the sword belt of Orion or of putting a muzzle on the Dog Star. The whole talk about “smashing for ever” has become rather absurd. By unflinching action and by a course all round of manhood and no muddle we can, and we shall, beat Germany and make ourselves and our Allies safe against her in the definite future—and that is as much as a country can expect to do which went into a vast Continental diplomacy at a time when armaments were being piled everywhere on armaments and yet did not take the precaution to supply herself with force adequate to such a diplomacy.

We shall win, not draw, in the war against Germany if we cease talking about the pride of this peace habit of ours, and the glory of that, and bring our courage to a sticking point. The reason why we shall win in such a case is clear enough, and the nation cannot bear it too much in mind: it lies in the British Navy.

Sixteen months of war has demonstrated that everything which for years past has been urged—and it is just to say urged by the responsible men of both great British parties—about a very powerful battle fleet being indispensable to the country has been urged well. We have wrangled and gone wrong about the Army, the Territorial system, and the method by which men ought to be raised; and we have gone wrong in our diplomacy, and have thought to avoid war by flinging sops—and such sops!—to Cerberus. We have gone all wrong when it should have been easy enough at least to see all right—certainly after the Spring of 1912, when, as the country now knows, Germany served us with her ultimatum as to her European intentions. It is a bad record for British statesmanship; and, as we understand, several of the chief statesmen concerned now themselves admit “peccavimus”. But there has been this great mercy—the instinct of the statesmen, and still more the instinct of the nation, recognised that we must be supreme at sea whatever happened. The Navy is our All-in-All; and without its invincibility we should be nothing; we should lose our livelihood, lose our liberties, and lose our Empire entirely. All the matchless bravery of our troops and the skill of their leaders could not have saved us, nor have succoured our Ally across the water. There were very anxious days, and perhaps weeks, at the start of the war when this absolute supremacy of sea power was not yet estab-

lished; and, later, the ugly submarine phase gave cause for considerable uneasiness. But that has passed. The nation owes an immense debt to all those sailors who have had a mind and hand in the work of getting the German submarines under; it cannot be grateful enough to their great skill. The German Navy has been one of the chief surprises of sixteen months of war. It was thought, reasonably enough, to be a very powerful, threatening instrument: it shapes to-day—the greatest mercy of the struggle so far—as a fleet of runaways. We have not dug it out, in Mr. Churchill's phrase—not after all such an unhappy phrase—for, like the badger, it has dug itself in too deep: but it only survives to-day because, like the hunted badger, it surrounds itself with land. Whilst, as to the submarine phase, as the excellent news of the past week shows, it is now our turn for a little “piracy”: Great Britain has some ships that move under as well as on the water, and some of them are uncommonly useful on this errand.

The security of Great Britain has been, is, and will be, on the water. So far as the British Empire goes, this is the major lesson of the war: either absolute naval supremacy for us or nothing. The lesson is not unobserved in other quarters than the British Empire. The United States are friendly attentive to it; and are not above learning from it, as the recent announcement that they design adding signally to their own power on the water shows. America is astute to do so; but, with Great Britain, it can now be more clearly seen than it has ever been seen before that either we must be first and second combined in this business henceforth, or we shall be nothing. “To fare forth with a ship host”, as the old Chroniclers pictured Alfred doing, invincibly, will be our first necessity of life. There must be no frittering it away in adventures, and we are not altogether enamoured of the spirited policy of some of our friends who are fretting over its *seeming* inaction just now in certain trade matters. The main duties at any rate of the British Navy are, first, to watch for and sink the enemy's ships if, or when, they appear; second, to convoy our armies safely and to secure our food supplies. There is scope for spirited action in carrying out these tasks.

We must build the new and scrap the old, and constantly keep in view the fact that sea power means to us all power; and that we can never go under whilst we prevail on the water, and never hope to rise again if we lose in that competition. The country must concentrate attention on this matter, however hard and thoroughly it works in other directions. The new Labour member for Merthyr said at his election that, as regards the recruiting of men, he will be ready, if necessary, to have “double conscription”: there is no “if” about the necessity of a policy of double conscription as regards the ships.

QUOTED IN GERMANY.

WHO is doing most in this country to win the war? A short pause for reflection will probably prompt from the ordinary intelligent person an answer to this question which has some reference to our soldiers and sailors. Then, perhaps, a few remarks may be added concerning our munition workers and tax-payers. But suppose, instead of stopping the first man in the street and asking him this direct question, one walks, instead, into a newspaper office, taken at random, and puts the question there, or simply consults the files for an answer. What will the answer be?

The precise form of the answer will depend on which of the two kinds or camps of newspaper you

happen to have strayed into. There is one Press camp which, when our Allies the Serbians were in the last stage of being obliterated from the Serbian map, announced "Allied Advance in Serbia". The newspapers in this camp, as we all know to our cost, are called the optimists. We might call them here, without any intention of washing out their sins, "The White Press". There is another camp which tells the truth about the War, but has been more or less successfully accused of forgetting the British Navy. The newspapers in this camp are called the pessimists. We might call them here, without any intention of soiling them, the Black Press.

Now if you had happened, any time within the last week, to walk into an office of the White Press, and had asked: "Who is doing most in this country to win the War?"; or if you had studied the files for an answer, you would very shortly have gathered that, not our soldiers or sailors, not our munition workers or taxpayers, were winning the War, but that a certain robust, loyal and cheerful section of the Press was winning the War. You would have learned that wars are won by "heartening the people"; that the really important thing in wars was not so much to win battles as to prevent anybody getting a bad impression. Did not Napoleon say that the moral was to the material factor in war as three to one? You would have been given to understand that the really vital thing for this country was, not so much to stamp on the German armies in Bulgaria or France, as to stamp on a certain coterie of bilious and black prophets at home who not only refuse to hearten the people, but are actually doing their best to hearten the enemy. So that this, it would be argued, was the first and most essential thing of all—to put the fear of the country into certain newspapers who for their own sinister and inscrutable purposes got themselves "quoted in Germany"; who published our casualty lists too prominently, and persistently recorded all the fine things which the enemy was achieving. Was not the importance of this essential business of stamping out this poisonous Black Press proved by the fact that the supreme legislative assembly of Great Britain and Ireland spent one whole day at the business? Has not the Prime Minister himself lashed these "professional whippers" who defeated the Allies every day and were winning the War for Germany by being quoted in the "Kölnische Zeitung". You ask who is doing most in this country to win the War? Here, then, is your answer. The White Press is doing most in this country to win the War by fighting tooth and claw against a disloyal faction whose words were quoted by the enemy.

But suppose you had chanced to miss the office of the White Press and had strayed into an office of the Black Press. In what form would your interrogatories then have been answered?

You would have gathered in this office of the Black Press that Great Britain would never win the War until the whole truth was told to the people as fast as the telegraph wires could carry it. To be defeated mattered less than to be kept in ignorance that we were defeated. There existed in this country a conspiracy to hide the truth about the War from the people. The thing most essential to the prosperity and success of the War was not so much to stamp on the Germans as to stamp on this deluding, enervating White Press which made it impossible for the public to take the War sanely and responsibly. This White Press, moreover, was really disloyal at heart. There were people concerned with it who talked indiscreetly about peace, and thus were helping to hearten the enemy. The White Press was actually quoted in the "Kölnische Zeitung". You ask who is doing most in this country to win the War? Here, then, is your answer. The Black Press is doing most in this country to win the War by fighting tooth and claw against a disloyal faction whose words are quoted by the enemy.

At this stage, if you are wise, you will leave the office profoundly unconvinced.

Is it not time that the pens so fiercely drawn in this campaign should be sheathed? Honours are even in that last savage bout of all, when both antagonists are "outed" with the charge of "quoted in Germany". Is it, we wonder, necessarily a disgraceful thing to be quoted in Germany? Is anyone really safe from being quoted in Germany? Why, even the recruiting posters are quoted in Germany. The German Press Bureau re-hashes the White or the Black Press quite indifferently. One day it will say: Look how the poor islanders are deceived with paper victories; and another day it will say: Look how our enemies acknowledge the strength of our right arm. If there were no Press at all, or if the whole British Press were a dubious and non-committal Grey Press, the German Press Bureau would doubtless find an advantageous way of quoting it. They might say: Consider the state of these poor islanders, who haven't even the intelligence to know whether they are winning or losing the war. Has not the "quoted in Germany" argument been rather absurdly misused, and not always accurately used—as was instanced by Sir John Simon's dates and the "Daily Mail's" map? The simple truth is that wars are neither won nor lost by writing about them. An article in the "Brebus Echo" is not going to throw a hesitating neutral into the arms of the enemy. A review of the War in the "Aurora Gazette" is not going to discourage Field-Marshal von Hindenburg. Soldiers do not run away from a leading article, and they are not really defeated by the war correspondent—if the Censor will allow us to say so.

A wise and infallible Press in time of war has to keep in mind three principal things, knowing all the time that in the achieving of the last two of these three things their part must needs be a small one. It has (1) to aim at keeping the home public in the state of mind most suitable to the temper and political constitution of the country, (2) to avoid heartening the enemy, and (3) to impress neutrals. The means of attaining the first aim will naturally be different in different nations. It is, for example, obviously foolish to feed a nation which is recruiting its armies by advertisement, and by insistence upon the nation's need, upon bogus stories of general success and victory; and this is precisely a matter in which the White Press—mainly a Press which has most desired the voluntary system to succeed—has continually blundered. As to the second aim, it will clearly be necessary for a British Press to strike a balance between their fear of heartening the enemy and their fear of spreading frivolity and slackness in a democratic and undisciplined country which has not yet got a dependable war-sense. The same reasoning applies to the third object of the Press in war-time. Our view in the whole matter will necessarily depend on our sense of the relative value and importance of three not always very compatible intentions; and on the whole it is desirable that the British Press should attend mainly to its own public. Events, such as hard gains or losses in the field; facts, such as the number of armed and trained men at the disposition of the rival parties; figures, such as the figures of imports and exports and the rates of Exchange—these, and not articles and opinions in the Press, are the things which really impress neutrals and hearten or dishearten the enemy. It is not wise to lose having a good effect on one's own public in order to make a very weak and dubious impression upon publics which are largely beyond our influence. The great issue as between the Black and the White Press is therefore mainly to be judged by its effect on public opinion at home; and it is quite clear that in this respect the ordinary sensible person has lately tended to invoke a plague on both the extreme parties. The first and worst offenders were those newspapers which week after week in the earlier part of the War gave the public an utterly false and foolish impression of events by writing of tremendous victories and of a Germany starved and beaten. These offenders have provoked a reaction which has un-

doubtedly done grave public harm, not, as is alleged, by heartening the enemy, but by creating an atmosphere of frivolous and tactless criticism. A reasonable measure of the truth is essential to brace the country up to the level of its great burden, but this in no way implies that every conceited small man who has picked up some scrap of gossip or opinion or notion about the War should immediately be put up to talk about it. The "teruth" as spread by a certain set of M.P. critics of the Government, of the Army, of the Departments to-day is like Bassanio's two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search. It is possible—and it is necessary if any sort of stable and sane view of the war is to get itself rooted in the public—to steer on any given question between the two extremes of frivolity—the incandescence of the Press which disposes continually of our enemies at the point of a murderous pen and the long weepers of the party which strews the path of our soldiers and sailors, of our political leaders, of our Departments, of every important class and person in the country with blunders and omissions. Such critics as can find a reasonable and middle way whereby to express a common sensible view of our position and of our leaders can safely neglect to be afraid of the "Kölnische Zeitung".

GERMANY'S PEACE-HUNTING.

A NEW god has been added to the savage paganism of German war. He is the Janus of German Peace, a diplomat with four heads (*Janus quadrifrons*), for he is to preside over the four winds of strategic rumour, and over all the pacifists sheltered by the Quadruple Entente, and over all the gulls in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. A temple in the Futurist style has been dedicated to him at Berlin; it will be left open in war, to indicate symbolically that the god has gone out to help the German troops; but in the post-war times it will be shut and locked.

The coming of this divinity has been determined by two considerations. German statesmen have remembered that the deeds of their fighting men in the Near East have taken their national barbarity into the classical regions of pagan deities; and for some months they have been alarmed by the growing infamy achieved by their Jupiter of Frightfulness. Neutral countries have been shocked and angered, despite the stern impartiality of their wish to trade reputably with all the belligerents; and to shock neutrals overmuch is to lose possible alliances. So there is work enough for the Janus of German Peace to do.

After creative work modernised statesmen are somehow as fatigued as are men of genius. This explains why German statesmen have made more than one mistake in the tactical manipulation of their new god. No doubt they are troubled by many difficulties, and it is of essential importance that their position should be understood. To impose a new myth on the world, to give their Janus of Peace a proper introduction everywhere, needs as much tact and skill as the vaccine treatment of disease. In some countries no dose of peace talk can be too strong, while in others even a small dose may upset Germany's Allies and weaken her influence in Greece and Rumania. To send through the world whispers of peace is to imply that the whisperer has had enough of war. Will this keep the backbone in Turkey, or make Bulgaria eager to try her luck for months against the Franco-British?

No wonder the German statesmen have been perplexed. Some comfort they have got from British peace pamphlets and from the steam argosy of pacifism sailing from the United States for Europe. They know, too, that peace at this moment means business to those international financiers who have earned all that they can earn with safety out of bloodshed, and whose enterprise in the pre-war times had confidence in the peaceful penetration of Germany's industrial foreign policy. A good many of these multiple Shy-

locks would be like leeches on a dead body if Germany were vanquished and ruined. But the influences now favourable to German aims do not counteract the main difficulties of the German peace policy, notwithstanding the energetic conspirators who work for Germany in the East, in Europe, and in America. A policy that invites misunderstanding everywhere, and particularly in countries where misunderstanding is most to be feared, is as perilous as a battle against odds.

So there is no need to show surprise over the inept wording of the official wireless manifesto sent to the German Embassy at Washington and published in this country on Saturday, 4 December. Though ineptly phrased, the manifesto does all that it can do. A new policy has been announced officially, and no criticisms of it have tried as yet to understand its full meaning. There has been too much laughter over a document in which guile and ingenuousness are mixed together, as in the purring of a hungry cat. Germany tells the world that she is in tribulation because her defeated enemies do not sue for peace. She has won "successes over the whole line", yet her foes do not turn from bloodshed to brotherhood. And she fears—so clever is her conscience—that when she, the self-proclaimed winner, talks to the world about peace, her moral conduct "will hardly be treated in a sensible fashion" by her enemies, whose want of goodwill in the cause of peace will regard her overtures not merely as weakness, but as a sign that she is weary of the war.

The spirit of this manifesto is easy enough to describe. It is laughable, of course, but thought is more difficult than laughter, and thought here is necessary. One point to be remembered is the power wielded to-day by sentimentality; and another point is the fact that sentimentality and a very keen industrialism go hand in hand together. Add to these points another matter: that neutral countries are tired of the war, and look forward with increasing anxiety to the post-war industrial conditions and crises. For sixteen months they have watched the effects of a travelling earthquake; and now that Germany, after a successful campaign in Serbia, comes forward, olive branch in hand, as a strategist of peace, Italy adds her name to an agreement which has for its aim a prolongation of the war essential to our side. But Germany is not appealing to our side: she knows well enough that serious peace talk is out of the question: her appeal is addressed partly to the neutral world of finance, partly to the sentimental in all Christian countries, and partly to her own population, who have suffered dreadfully from immense losses, and who need a patriotic stimulus not to be given by mere discipline. To-day Germany can tell her people that she is ready to make peace, but that her overtures are rebuffed with scorn. Hence the war must continue. This compulsory argument is worth a great deal to the Central European Powers, because the German people dread another Russian winter, and the Austrians also dislike Generals Janvier and Février. As for the debate on peace negotiations in the Reichstag, it is not a thing to be advertised by our side; and nothing will be heard of it from Berlin unless it shows that the peace bluff and its reception abroad have put renewed vigour into German patriotism and self-denial.

Clearly, the Janus of German Peace, though laughed at in British newspapers, has value in the strategy of German war: if the Balkan peoples and the Turks do not lose faith in their allies. Consider the effect of the present position on neutral countries, and particularly on those which have spoken plainly to our side, as in the "New York Tribune". They see that Germany and her allies have put between themselves and invasion a number of territorial hostages which must be retaken by the Entente Powers, so that nothing less than the collapse of Germany can make the coming of peace a near event. Is this a cheering fact for neutrals and for international financiers to ponder? The more Germany talks about peace, the more she is likely to gain from their sympathies—or, rather, from that material self-interest which is the motive-power behind so much philanthropic gush. Not a neutral at

the present time desires the war to go on. Every one of them would welcome a compromise which to our side would be as bad as a defeat. And two other considerations belong to the moral flanking attack which this false peace movement represents. First, progressively better terms can be offered by the German policy in order to quicken neutral sentiment; and, next, there are vast numbers of prisoners in Germany—all hostages. How will they fare when Germany, following her efforts to enforce a peace bargain, becomes short of food?

German peace-hunting is sure to be as bad as German war. The strength of our side grows day by day in co-ordination, and its resolve is implacable. Its resources are greater than Germany's; but peace-hunting in a sentimental and industrial age is not a foe to be laughed at. Here is the main point.

THE MAKING OF MUNITIONS.

(BY A CORRESPONDENT.)

IT is a pity that the manufacture of munitions both here and in France should have become, through incessant journalistic advertisement, attached to individual names. M. Thomas, it is said, is a fine organiser. The warmest of Mr. Lloyd George's friends would hardly flatter him to that extent and therefore it is only just that those who do not appear in the public eye should have their due meed of praise for the good work which has been done and is now doing. If there had never been established a Ministry of Munitions the work would certainly have been done, and probably with less advertisement, though not less efficiency. The Ministry started its career on a system of dual control, the halves in theory meeting in and co-ordinated by the Minister. Engineering and Labour were divorced, production going to the experts and policy to the "Secretariat". Only a very strong man can work efficiently a system of this kind. The Ministry, unfortunately, lacks strength and the power of co-ordination. Its beginnings are now sufficiently a matter of history to permit one to say, without doing any harm, that at first chaos reigned. From bitter experience one learned that even high officials would take no responsibility, that changes of staff were almost daily, and that, owing to the impossibly restrictive conditions sought to be imposed on the men asked to come to the help of the Ministry, refusals were more frequent than acceptances. So the Ministry lost many good men.

Happily something like order has at last emerged, and the present growing output of munitions is mainly due to the way the engineering side of the Ministry boldly cut through red tape, spoke their mind, and freely consulted the producing centres. One may fairly say without injustice the less the Secretariat interferes with production the greater will be the output. It would be foolish to say there must be no policy side to the Ministry, but what an engineer not inaptly described recently as the "friction element" is certainly unnecessarily numerous.

The Minister, on his appointment, spoke enthusiastically of decentralisation. He would call to his aid the people of every district who, under proper direction and expert advice, were to work out the salvation of the country. The Secretariat of the Ministry intended nothing of the kind. Its ruling members belonged to the Civil Service and would abate no jot of its traditions—even in war time. Local Area Offices were certainly established, but they had not and were not intended to have either initiative or effective authority, and the sooner they are wiped out and replaced by a single capable engineer, given wide authority and the help of an efficient staff, the better pleased will be all the makers of munitions. Even under the present cramping conditions things are getting straightened out, and in more than one district high praise is due to men who dared to take a

responsibility for acts which official superiors would never sanction and approved only if successful.

But what of the future? Of skilled labour there is none left, but much of what exists is neither efficient in itself nor most advantageously applied. Our only reservoir is the unskilled labour, male and female, of other trades, and this, to use an official catchword, is to dilute existing skilled labour. Not if some of the Unions, in spite of all Labour pledges, can prevent it! The introduction of new labour has already exploded several old fallacies, notably the fallacy as to lathe work, which is so little skilled that women can, after a fortnight's training, make as good piece rates as men who have been years on the work. Where such machines are being worked by skilled men, steps should be taken at once to liberate them for the many skilled jobs they ought to be doing.

Lord Murray, in another sphere, has been called in to emulate Lord Derby. He might well begin by insisting that the men in the existing "labour army" be put only to the work they are best fitted for before he calls for unskilled recruits. An attempt to mobilise skilled labour was made some months ago by the enrolment of men who were termed War Munition Volunteers. The scheme failed hopelessly and needlessly raised strong local irritation among both employers and workmen. The failure was due to excessive centralisation, ignorance of local conditions, and lack of practical co-ordination. But now the Labour Exchanges are once again to exchange labour, the magician's wand that was to raise a labour army is laid aside, for eloquent speeches have failed. Local labour will be treated locally, and all that endless London stream of contradictory letters and misleading telegrams will cease to worry distracted engineers and disgruntled workmen.

It is interesting to note what a trusting faith so many people still seem to have in words written and spoken. Pass an Act of Parliament, they say, and the worker is protected; let but one of the peripatetic Members of Parliament make one of his many speeches in the works dinner hour meeting and ca' canny is at an end. Fond worshippers of such a fetish should be put to interpret these Acts, or, better still, bidden to hear the real views of the audience forcibly expressed after the meeting. The Munitions Act certainly needs alteration, but care must be taken not to destroy its essential object—the efficient and speedy output of munitions. In some respects it is distinctly unfair to the workman, especially in the matter of leaving certificates. If an employer has the power to prevent a workman leaving him under a penalty, which, in effect, is a fine of six weeks' wages, the workman should be insured against capricious dismissal and any attempt on the part of the employer to prevent his being taken on at other works. But with this must come the power to enforce a penalty, as, if a man without goods refuses to pay a fine, he gets off without a penalty. With proper safeguards imprisonment is not unjust in the case of hopeless recalcitrants.

The complaints made against some local Munitions Tribunals are not altogether unreasonable. Here and there unnecessary technicalities have been preferred to common sense and an equitable administration of the Act in a practical sense; but whether giving the unfortunate chairman four assessors instead of two will help the proceedings is open to doubt. Sittings are long enough as it is, and if there are four people to consult instead of two, difficulties will increase in proportion; moreover, and the point is not unimportant, the well of judicially-minded labour and employer representatives is not bottomless. It might also be asked, not unfairly, will an inefficient chairman necessarily become wiser with four than with two assessors?

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 71) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE CONDUCT AND MISCONDUCT OF WAR.

I.

WAR is a perpetual struggle with embarrassments which an enemy either causes or attempts to cause his adversary. It is the reward of a superior pre-war organisation which one Power possesses over another Power that it can claim and exercise the great advantage of the initiative in the strategic area of operations. Once surrendered, the recovery of such a military position is a matter of all importance. The picture both front and back is before us. We can look with pride on the military situation in the North Sea. We are victims of complications and perplexities elsewhere. The reasons lie near home. They are the logical sequence of the struggle between the amateur and the professional in the conduct of war. We should indeed be a nation of superhumans if we imagined that against a foe which for forty years has given brain, men and money for the furtherance of this struggle we could hope for an early triumph when we crossed swords by land. In one of the first contributions that I have been privileged to present to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW a piece of rhetoric borrowed from a German pen and purposely transposed was offered for consideration. "If we take the best of the German system and add it to the best of our own we shall beat the German." Unity of purpose together with unity of direction has placed the arms of the Dual Alliance in the extraordinarily favourable position that they occupy in the several theatres of war on the continent of Europe. Germany, not content with catching hold of the armies of Austria-Hungary, now practically controls the machinery of government of the Dual Monarchy. What a power to wield for good or evil! What a security against independent offers of peace which might be suggested by her Ally! We know Germany too well to fail to realise that she will not loosen the grip that she holds upon her Allies.

It is somewhat late in the stage of the war that Italy has thought fit to join the Pact of London. The four European Powers of France, Italy, Russia and England and the Eastern Power of Japan have agreed not to make a separate peace. The Allies, no longer Entente Powers, are pledged solemnly to unity of purpose for one object. We have made a beginning on the German model. The F.I.R.E. Powers in Europe (to give them a distinctive name culled from the initials of the several countries) will from their dispersed geographical situations achieve little against the concentrated strength of the Central Empires, to which Bulgaria has now allied itself, unless they again follow the example of their enemy and create an instrument that will ensure unity of direction. Isolated diversions in war on a lesser scale, such as the Dardanelles operations and the Salonika venture, are but pinpricks in the estimation of the enemy, and serve to play his own purpose. The single machine in the grip of the War Staff in Berlin gains in strength and power, with increased facility to deal its hammer blows at will, as it sees its foes disperse their forces on fools' errands away from the centre of gravity of the contest. The focus of the eyes of the F.I.R.E. Powers and that of the Central Powers must converge on Berlin and Paris respectively. The opponents know that it is in either one or the other that the peals of triumph will ring. Had the misplaced energy which has effected nothing in the Near East and proved so costly to the Allies been reserved for impact in the proper direction, the Balkans would have witnessed no new campaign.

It must notwithstanding be conceded that a World Power cannot hope to be free from embarrassments in every quarter when confronted by an unscrupulous foe. The throttle of our Eastern Empire, which lies in Egypt, was bound sooner or later to become a target for hostile intent. Nature and artificial means have, however, come to the assistance of the Power which holds this vantage point in the eyes of the strategist. A strategy either of a pure defensive or of an active

offensive is open to a Power holding the banks of the Suez Canal according to the means at disposal, the priceless gift of the command of the seas. It is from here that a directing mind should control and co-ordinate the movements of forces which should deal with the Eastern problem to which we are committed, free from the entanglements of a deal with hesitating neutrals. The Eastern tangle is a study peculiarly our own. Even after the conclusion of the struggle which now confronts Europe the task of the sweep-up of the cobwebs that will be left in the Eastern sphere will certainly fall upon us, for it is legitimate to doubt either the will, the means or the power of our Allies to share with us that duty.

II.

The misfortune that has fallen upon the War Committee of our Cabinet in its initial effort at the conduct of war as evidenced in Serbia is the penalty of the duel between the amateur and the professional. We have apparently laboured in vain for the past fourteen years to create a military body representing the "brains of our Army", a council of advice grounded in its training by our own experience in war and on the principles which govern the splendid War Staff of our adversary. The politician with the valour of ignorance holds sway. The wise soldier, in his appreciation of a military situation, leaves out all questions of chance. He bases his calculations upon facts and not upon fancies. Faced with the fog of war, he lays hold only of what is tangible. There was but one answer to the question of active operation in Serbia on the day the interrogative was made. Leave it alone. A "Wait and see" strategy has, however, been allowed to have its say. It is still struggling to emerge from the fog of diplomacy. While Cabinets are talking an active foe is working. The new War Committee of the Cabinet is proceeding along the lines of the Great Cabinet, its predecessor, in directing war. This latter body, as we know by the confession of an ex-Minister, went behind the professional advice of experts both naval and military, lost the best part of a Fleet, and neutralised a large Army. The new War Committee has landed us in Queer Street, Salonika, and locked up another Army.

We need be under no delusion that our War Staff cannot do all we require them to do if the conditions under which they work are on similar lines to those of our enemy, from whom they learnt the elements of staff duties. Our War Staff, a practically new creation, has met with a snub, but it will survive it. The outcome of the many absent-minded episodes of a war prolonged to a degree that made us the ridicule of the Continental military world, the creation of our War Staff was simplified by the very fact of the extent of the operations to which we were committed in the South African War. The marked advantage which so many young minds had gained by the experience of holding independent commands was its God-speed.

The keen, active brains soon came out on top. War and training for war in all branches became a study. Drill books, with their stiff and precise antiquated methods of movement, gave way to training manuals where the mind governed action suitable to the situation. "For God's sake, gentlemen, I beseech you to think", said old Demosthenes; and a school of thought based upon war experience was set up in our Army. The proofs lie on the bookshelves of the regimental libraries. Soldier authors innumerable have blossomed into fame, and the supply of military literature is now the province of the War Office. It required but a War Minister to put this spirit that was growing in our Army into a groove which would be of service to the nation. There were minds, and clever minds, in number that could point out to any Minister with his heart in the work of our Army all the shortcomings that existed which were brought out by the supreme test of war. The term War Minister as known to us is a misnomer. Organisation, which is the work of peace time, has often been left to the period of war. He reverses the order of necessary procedure for preparation, and sets to work to prune away in a period of peace what is required for the

exigency of war. Blinded by party faction, which makes a shuttlecock of the two fighting services of the country, the active element in the machinery for war is neglected, and when the fiend comes upon the nation the gear for supplying man power is out of order. We have not been favoured with many War Ministers of note for the past half century. Unquestionably we were fortunate in the year 1870 to find at the helm a man who knew his mind, was fully alive to the monstrous shortcomings in our system which years of neglect had encouraged and which the rapid success of Germany in its struggle with France had brought to light, and who set to work in the face of a powerful opposition to reform our Army. Lord Cardwell firstly took the Army officers out of pawn by means of a high-handed measure for which we must be grateful, and secondly cleared out the useless, worn-out, illiterate "old soldier" who encumbered the ranks until he tottered from the canteen into a grave or a pension, and substituted the system of short service and reserve service which now obtains. Lord Cardwell was fortunate that at the hour when he was called upon to evolve a "new model" near his right hand was the best brain that the Army has known since the days of Wellington. The War Minister's struggles with a recalcitrant House of Commons over the Army Purchase Bill, which he over-ruled by the strong arm of an Order in Council, were on a par with Wolseley's strife with time-worn, antiquated, old-fashioned superiors. We can skip lightly over the successive Ministers who have attempted to achieve notoriety in the handling of war work. In the yearly presentation of Army Estimates the yearly lie has been boldly asserted like a gramophone record that "never was the Army better prepared for war". We are now in a position to adjudge. Much criticism has been hurled at Lord Haldane for the share he took in Army organisation and disorganisation during a long tenure of office as Secretary of State for War. The Army Staff at headquarters as it was left by his predecessor could not fail to welcome the change that brought a great brain into the directing councils of their body. It was the more welcome by the humorous confession of innocence of personal ideas and fads on the methods required by a war directing staff. "I come here as a *virgo intacta*" was the introduction to the assembled council, and unquestionably between leader and staff there developed a mutual admiration. Lord Haldane learnt much from the General Staff, which he has generously acknowledged. He wisely did what he was told, for he was quick to recognise that he was in expert hands. He filled in many cogs that were wanting in the necessary machinery for creating driving power, but the reform was carried out at the expense of the man power. Writing to the "Nation" on 7 August he remarks: "It is the quality of a General Staff mind to think ahead, to define objectives, to plan out the ways of reaching them, and to be constantly at the elbows of Ministers with advice that can be acted on. I know of no department of State where this quality and the scientific knowledge that it makes available could not be largely developed. If we possessed these things we should have ideas, and organisation would follow. *For if the leaders were penetrated with ideas the democracy would soon be penetrated also.*" Had he been gifted with the courage of his opinions we should have entered upon this struggle with but a small handicap; a faint heart follows him in his track both in speech and acts. In the same above-quoted letter Lord Haldane blames the democracy which "was not disposed to listen to the few who preached". We are indebted to Lord Haldane for the creation of a framework upon which an Army could be built. His heart failed him when he attempted to clothe this framework with the manhood of the nation. In his mind he conceived what was really necessary for the security of our shores, but, like all his predecessors, when he came to face the problem in the light of reason and place the question in the limelight of truth his courage deserted him. He squirmed and writhed

under the party whip. He bolstered up his plans for a Territorial Army only at the sacrifice of thousands of men of the Regular Army, and in so doing duplicated his error. We may ask, meantime, was the Army Council composed of men of wax to consent to such a sacrifice? It is significant that the first dissentient voice was promptly given his congé, and it is a curious coincidence that the individual concerned now commands a quarter of a million men in the field. Lord Haldane shares with others the onus of having known German war intentions and not revealing them to the nation: to know what he must have known and yet to advocate and carry out partial disarmament is a procedure that is not calculated to appeal to his countrymen for further trust and confidence.

A ray of hope that the conduct of war may be diverted into straighter paths comes upon us when we note the steps now being taken across the water for a better method for its systematic prosecution. A meeting of Ministers of the Grand Alliance to settle upon a war policy has been followed by a meeting of professional experts to translate that policy into hard facts by unity of direction. This is precisely the procedure that should obtain in war. As far as we know, however, the new council confines its attention only to one theatre of operations. Late as we are in improving our machinery for war, yet it is as well to have a plan to counteract the intentions of an enemy who, after achieving a victorious purpose in one sphere, will be certain to use his new instrument of triumph elsewhere. We may hope from a new formed council for a *design* of operations which betokens initiative elsewhere and which in execution will ensure a co-ordination hitherto conspicuous by its absence. It is interesting to note that the composition of the members of the Allied War Council is limited to men of a high military status. Ministers of War freed from the Council Chamber will thus be at liberty to devote their full energies to their proper task—the administration and sustaining power of the Armies in the field. A *design* of operations upon which much can be written is not to be confounded with the commonplace term "plan of operations". No plan of operations can with any degree of safety extend beyond the first collision with the enemy's main Army. A design is dependent upon facilities for movement, among many other troubles, and if such be contemplated overseas it is easy to appraise the difficulties to be faced. "Je n'ai jamais eu un plan d'opération", was the saying of the great war master. He had great ends ever before his eyes, yet those who study his movements in his great campaigns will find that he was constantly the victim of the fickle Goddess of Fortune, and driven by her to trace his steps in paths which deviated from the course which he had set his armies. The conduct of war, once the sword is drawn from the scabbard, is the province of the professional man at arms. Strategy is the servant of policy only up to the moment when the bell rings to clear the war arena.

DEMOCRACY AND HYPOCRISY.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

PERHAPS a certain amount of hypocrisy, genial hypocrisy, is necessary if the country is to preserve its "unity" and get on at all smoothly with the war. It is perhaps necessary for party heads and organs to describe the present system of recruiting as "the voluntary principle, sir"; and we must not complain if some of our most trusted and earnest workers, though they know the expression is a sham, talk about the immediate and pressing need for all the young men to enlist if "the voluntary system" is to be saved. Still we may beg them to refrain as much as practicable from the more nauseating stereotyped shams employed by scribes and Pharisees of to-day—such as that our system of recruiting is the "pride and glory" of the "liberty-loving British people, sir". Charles Dickens—whom decadents derided a

few years ago, but who is now coming by his own again—loathed such Pecksniffian sayings and lashed their portentous authors; but they have sidled into vogue again, and to-day do duty wherever two or three of the sleeker Socialists and their Cocoa-crammed acolytes are gathered together of one accord to pretend that they want above all to smash Germany. Such sayings fill one at times with disgust and impatience, for they impose on many sincere people who live in another world than that of Cocoa and sham Socialism.

One of the favourite sayings of the kind to-day is that this is "the war of democracy, sir"; that to end for ever Militarism and war is "the cause of democracy". Last week the wirepullers of the Trade Unions made an appeal to young men to enlist. They entreated the men to become soldiers "in the cause of democracy and liberty". It is not good enough to become a soldier in the cause of one's country—the appeal to democracy must be used, for it is an appeal to class, an appeal against hated Tories and tyrants!

Before one considers the meaning of the claim and what the Trade Unionist leaders have in their minds when they spout about democracy, a word as to the good or bad taste of the appeal. Suppose "the Dukes"—that "poor but honest class", as Lord Rosebery called them—suppose the "idle rich" had been compelled to call up their young men after fifteen months of war, what should we have thought of their taste, or instinct of decency, if they had issued an appeal in the sacred name of "Aristocracy"? Suppose they had told the young officers-to-be that this war must be led by aristocracy in the field and financed by aristocracy—largely—at home; that it was a war to be fought for the glorious sake of aristocracy. We should have thought their taste was vile.

But what are the ideas of the wirepullers of the Trade Unions as to this Greek word democracy they are so glib in the use of?

One may not be a great admirer of democracy, and one may believe Lowe was right when, in one of his great speeches fifty years ago, he likened democracy to a "bare and level plain where every molehill is a mountain and every thistle a forest tree". One may dislike all forms of democracy—and ochlocracy. But at least the word is of dignified origin. The democracies of the ancient world had their points, whether they failed or not. So one might expect its modern exponents to have some inkling of nobility in their minds when they declare proudly their fealty to this system of rule. As a fact, however, the wirepullers of Trade Unionism to-day appear to regard the two most essential virtues of democracy as these:

(1) The virtue to keep down production by artificial means, by drastic restrictions on "liberty-loving" labour; to keep down production of absolutely essential things in war; to keep it down always in peace and to keep it down for at any rate the first 12 to 15 months of a tremendous war in which their country is engaged for life and death.

(2) The virtue to stave off, equally in war and in peace, the principle that it is the duty of every man of fit age and body to defend his country when it is threatened by an enemy, and not to depend on some other more courageous man to do the job for him.

That principle the leaders of Trade Unionism abhor as the wicked device of Capitalism and Militarism and the "privileged classes"; they decry it as "Prussianism", and—though they have not the candour to admit this openly—they necessarily, in condemning it thus, condemn the system of France, Russia, Italy, Belgium, Serbia, Australia and New Zealand, all of whom are fighting for us and with us.

Democracy is the power, the sway, of the people; and the wirepullers of Trade Unionism insist that this power or sway shall be used in order to prevent workmen from doing more than a certain amount of work, even though these workmen may earnestly desire to do more, and to prevent the State from calling on all its young men impartially to defend their homes and country in the time of grave peril instead of suffering

the more public-spirited and the greater-hearted to do the job for them.

As already admitted, a certain amount of genial hypocrisy or pretence may be needful to-day. But it is not essential for us all to be continuously hypocritical till the war is over. It is well that in a few quarters, at any rate, the rude truth should be stated. "Let truth wait till after the war!" exclaim some of my friends who must feel much as I do when these canting sayings about democracy and voluntarism and liberty are spread abroad by Pecksniffs of party whom Dickens would have routed with blazing indignation had he been living to-day. Our friends fear that we shall break "the unity" if we out with the truth above a scared whisper. One understands their feelings, and respects their motives. But the truth need not be over-deferred, or so spirited away that people generally, honest minds among them, shall slip into the habit of make-believe over liberty, democracy and voluntarism. Truth may have to wait—for the sake of unity—till the end of the war: as the wit said, she is used to waiting. But Truth, war or no war, should be from time to time brought to the fore. A glimpse of her may be suffered without grave disservice to national unity. And when the wirepullers of Trade Unionism hold forth on democracy it is well to unveil her for a little while.

The machine of Trade Unionism, as we know it to-day, set above the law, is a tyranny—and a terror, as the Government has learnt with a vengeance during the last few months. But there is this consoling fact—*the machine is not the British working man*. There is an absolute proof of this in the conduct of the tens and hundreds of thousands of workers who have escaped from the machine and gone to France, to Egypt, to the Dardanelles, to Mesopotamia, to the Balkans. These men do not vapour about democracy, and they do not grudge their labour or their lives for the country. In "utter nobleness of mind" no better men have ever worked for England. Anybody who knows and hears from an officer or two at the Front knows this. The men are splendid, as Buller found his soldiers; entirely gallant, devoted, grousing neither over their hours, which are terribly long, nor over their pay, which is small enough in many instances compared with what they were making before they answered the call. They are the happy warriors—*they are free of the machine*. That is what we mean when we say that the British working classes are going to come out of this war with a good enough name.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE REAL BULGARIA.

By DAVID H. LOW.*

ENGLISHMEN had, before the war, grown accustomed to gaze at Serbia and the Serbians through German spectacles, and knew not that what they saw was a distorted vision. As the Germans falsely accused our troops of using the forbidden poison-gas in order to have a plausible pretext for their own employment of it, so they heaped calumny on Serbia in order to have justification in the eyes of Europe when they proceeded, in accordance with their plan, to eliminate this plague-spot from the map. And all the time this so-called plague-spot was a fair and fertile country, a land of river and strath, of mountain and forest, its people the bravest, the most generous, and the most lovable of men.

But the Germans were not alone to blame for the scales that dimmed our eyesight. In London there existed, and, perhaps, still exists, an organisation misnamed the "Balkan Committee". At its head were distinguished politicians and public men: its one object appeared to be the furtherance of Bulgarian ambitions, and its mischievous activities gave just cause of offence to both Serbia and Greece. It was, perhaps,

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even more unfortunate that the only Englishman resident in the Balkans who was at the same time on the staff of one of our great newspapers should have taken the pro-Bulgarian line he did. His series of articles and telegrams, appearing in a London newspaper of repute, must have had no inconsiderable effect on public opinion in this country. They were read with delight in Vienna and Sofia, and seem to have been grateful and comforting to our own authorities, for they took the line of least resistance. It was by no means expedient to encourage Serbia, because Austria-Hungary would object; there was no such danger in the laudation of Bulgaria, and, accordingly, officialdom looked on complacent, or even joined in the chorus when Bulgar praises were sung. In thus acting our authorities soothed themselves with the comfortable thought that in the day of wrath Bulgaria, grateful for the benefits bestowed upon her, would stand by them with her army and help to stay the eastward progress of the Germanic hosts!

There was yet another reason which drew Englishmen to Bulgaria rather than to Serbia. In Belgrade, without a competent command of Serbian, French, or German, the rapid investigator found himself deaf and dumb. In Sofia, on the other hand, his tongue was loosed and his ears were opened, for, to his joy, he found that there the leading men spoke English with ease and fluency, the happy result of education at the American Robert College at Constantinople. The Englishman speaking nothing but English, and there are many such, felt that he had emerged from darkness into light. He conversed freely in his native tongue with Bulgarian statesmen—"swindling politicians" was the synonym devised by the late Russian Minister—who, nothing loth, fooled him to the top of their bent, filled his receptive mind with fairy tales of Macedonia and enslaved brethren, and sped him on his way, another dupe, another traducer of Serbia, another apologist of the Big Bulgaria of the future.

Until the brilliant and courageous labours of Mr. Seton-Watson had torn aside the veil, ninety-nine Englishmen out of every hundred regarded Hungary as the home of liberty, the birthplace of the free, and this although the Kossuth legend had long outlived any correspondence in fact. In like manner the Bulgarian fable, whose sources I have briefly indicated, gained credence everywhere and bade fair to enjoy as robust a vitality. So much was this the case that when Ferdinand published his manifesto in October he lied right royally, in full confidence that his mendacious utterances would be received by many in Great Britain as the righteous complaint of an injured innocent. Let us glance at it once more:—

"Bulgarians! Both groups of belligerent Great Powers recognise the great injustice which was done to us by the division of Macedonia. Both parties at war are agreed that the largest part ought to belong to Bulgaria. Our treacherous neighbour, Serbia, alone remained inflexible in face of the advice of her friends and allies. Far from listening to their counsels, Serbia, in her animosity and her cupidity, has attacked our own territory, and our brave troops have been forced to fight for the defence of our own soil.

"Bulgarians! The European war is nearing a close. The victorious armies of the Central Powers are in Serbia and are advancing rapidly. I call the Bulgarian nation and the army to the defence of their country sullied by a felonious neighbour, and to the deliverance from the Serbian yoke of our enslaved brethren. Our cause is just and sacred. I, therefore, command our valiant army to drive the enemy from the limits of our kingdom and to crush this felon neighbour. We shall fight the Serbs at the same time as the brave armies of the Central Empires. May our soldiers go from victory to victory. Forward! God bless our arms!"

This astounding document, a tissue of falsehood from beginning to end, was signed by Ferdinand and countersigned by all the Ministers. The assertion that

Bulgaria had been invaded by the Serbians is on a par with the German fiction of French aggression at the beginning of the war, and was intended, amongst other things, to encourage the wavering Greeks in their efforts to convince themselves that, if there ever had been a treaty with Serbia, it was now null and void.

The crude lie that Serbia alone refused to make concessions has been officially disposed of. M. Pashitch agreed to make sacrifices on such a generous scale that had Bulgaria's object been merely the emancipation of her "enslaved brethren", she would have accepted with the utmost eagerness a proposal which would have enabled her to achieve her purpose without striking a blow. Her refusal convicted her at once of ulterior aims. It was the story of the Austrian Note over again, and nothing that Serbia could have done would have prevented Ferdinand from plunging into a war of conquest the moment a favourable opportunity occurred.

M. Venizelos, on behalf of Greece, was much less generous than M. Pashitch. Still, he did agree to make concessions, and the fact was a godsend to the swarming Germanic agents. A hundred newspapers broke forth in cries of anger and alarm, and the word went round that Great Britain had betrayed Greece to Bulgaria, her dreaded foe. It is no exaggeration to say that from the moment the Greek populace understood that it was proposed to cede Greek territory to Bulgaria a species of intellectual anarchy has prevailed. Last week M. Stavridi, Greek Consul-General in London, returned from a visit to Athens. "One thing that impressed me very much", he said, "was the general belief in Athens of a pro-Bulgarian tendency in Britain". "A few months ago", writes a Greek resident in Glasgow, "Great Britain was persuading Greece to cede part of Greek Macedonia to the greedy Bulgar, the pet of the British Government, and rumours had widely spread in Greece that the Government of this country offered to buy Bulgaria's neutrality at Greece's expense. If a small percentage of Greeks hesitate now, it is not because they belong to an ungrateful or poor-spirited nation, but because, according to my opinion, they do not trust in the British foreign policy. Please do not misunderstand me; I write openly what I think. The eternal enemy of Greece, Bulgaria, has found lately in this country the greatest supporters, and even after her last shameless treachery, I notice that the Bulgarian people is represented as being innocent, while their King only gets the blame. No wonder if the Greek believes that when the war is over the burglar Bulgar will be treated as if he were as innocent as a dove".

This is a fair expression of the views of the vast majority of instructed Greeks, and we have here a hint of the incalculable harm that has been wrought by the over-emphasis of our philo-Bulgarian policy, a policy which was cruelly unfair to Serbia, which estranged the Greeks, and which finally, and to crown all, failed to prevent the Bulgars from taking the field against us.

M. Venizelos, who knows his world, has expressed the opinion that Bulgaria, if she encountered certain difficulties, might go so far as to change sides during the progress of the war. We trust that if any such proposal were made we should spurn it from us in loathing and scorn. Let us have no dealing with the accursed thing. Already there are many indications that Bulgaria has abandoned her claim to Albania and is prepared to adopt an attitude calculated to save her own skin in the possible event of the victory of the Entente, and in Greece, as we have seen, the fear prevails that our statesmen are only too likely to be hoodwinked and cajoled once more.

We are not too high and mighty to be above learning a lesson from distracted Greece, and if, when the day of reckoning comes, we incline our ear to the honied tongue of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, if we hearken to the lying voice of this whitened sepulchre, then upon our heads be the blood of those countless men and women and children whose homeless bodies lie where they fell: by the roadside or in the cold mountains of desolate Serbia.

JULIAN GRENFELL.

"I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!"

NO family has given of its best more generously in the war than have the Grenfells, and no individual record is more moving to consider than the glorious one of Captain Grenfell, D.S.O., Lord Desborough's eldest son, who fell in France on 26 May. It needs the pen of the Royalist historian who drew the portraits of Lord John Stuart and of Falkland to do justice to the theme; for in Julian Grenfell was a rare union of what that historian called the "cholerick" soldier, who did not disguise his love of battle, with the writer of magical English verse. Oxford has turned out of late years no completer Englishman. "Julian", writes one who can speak of him from the most absolute intimacy, "was a fighting man and not a poet"; and that is so, essentially; he was the professional soldier, the amateur poet. And his brief and splendid story was largely one of physical prowess. He was a good rider, and a boxer of renown. In South Africa Julian Grenfell won many races, and brought off the record high jump at the Johannesburg horse show—6 ft. 5 in. He defeated the champion boxer of South Africa after a severe fight, and "was always ready to take on anybody with the gloves if he could get the chance". In the week in which he wrote in Flanders, last April, his famous poem on the fighting man ministered to by all Nature—the stars, the sun, the winds and the birds—he was employed in knocking out two professionals at boxing meetings at the Front!

Julian Grenfell then was the casual, strictly the amateur, poet; and his scattered lines, when presently they are collected, may be too slight to describe as "works". But one at least of his verses will live on and make a sure appeal when perhaps the great bulk of printed matter, poetry and prose, of our day has been completely forgotten. There is not the faintest doubt about the quality of his lines on the fighter and the glory of fighting. They are matchless among the verses of to-day; and we believe they will pass into the living body of English literature, partly through pure poetic merit and partly through the high renown of Julian Grenfell. They were printed for the first time some months ago, and lately the Society for the Protection of Birds has given them in part on its Christmas card. We are glad of the privilege to reprint the lines here, so that readers who have been haunted by their beauty and strength, and by their glorious sense of surging youth, may enjoy them once again in full. Hitherto they have not been quite accurately printed as regards the arrangement of the lines; the first verse, as Julian Grenfell wrote it, should consist of eight lines, the second of six, and the rest of four apiece.

The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
"If this be the last song you shall sing,
"Sing well, for you may not sing another;
"Brother, sing."

In dreary doubtful waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy-of-Battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

THE COLOUR QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

By BISHOP FRODSHAM.

CRITICISMS with regard to the internal politics of another nation can seldom be justified unless they have a clear bearing upon our own affairs. The position of the negroes in the Southern States of America is a case in point. Englishmen are interested in the colour question in the Southern States primarily because they have colour problems of their own. This is particularly the case in South Africa, where it must be acknowledged that the general position of the blacks, at least so far as opportunities for self-development are concerned, is much inferior to that of the negroes in America.

The foregoing statement may surprise those who have never studied closely nor compared together the various phases of the colour question, and who are inclined, therefore, to judge the whole position of American negroes by what they read of some horrible lynching disturbance in Mississippi or in Tennessee. Regarded from the standpoint of education, the negro in the Southern States is in an infinitely better position than are the native races in South Africa. The appropriation from public funds for his elementary education is very considerable, so considerable that it makes the South African grants to mission schools appear infinitesimal in comparison. Then there are universities, normal colleges, medical and dental schools, and technical institutions of various kinds all providing for the higher education of negroes. Nothing of the sort exists in South Africa. The negroes engage in skilled work, and, what is more remarkable, they work very often side by side with white artisans. The negroes have a vote in the United States, although the privilege does not appear to do them much good. Such things are unknown in South Africa, and would fill with horror many there who consider themselves good democrats. But, on the other hand, the coloured man is always certain of justice in any higher British court of law. This does not appear to be the case invariably in the Southern States of America.

It is fortunate at the present stage that we are in possession of a recent careful, fair-minded examination of the American state of affairs. It has been made by a South African with a view to the South African phase of the question.* Obviously there are marked

* "Black and White in the Southern States." By Maurice S. Evans, C.M.G. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

divergencies of conditions between the two countries. The negroes were imported into the United States; in South Africa the blacks were in possession before the whites, although the latter have complicated the position for themselves by indenting coloured labour, particularly for the mines. Considered proportionately, the negroes form one-third of the population of the Southern States and 11 per cent. of the total population of the United States; in South Africa the blacks are overwhelmingly preponderant, and the proportion is not likely to be changed. From time to time it is urged that the situation can be modified through the increase by favoured immigration of the white population, but in the light of American experience no such readjustment of the two races in this manner appears likely. The question rather is how the two races can live side by side, and both prosper.

There are two main danger spots everywhere in the relationship between the whites and the blacks. The first of these is economic in character. The white man cannot compete as a labourer, or even as an artisan, on equal terms with the black man. He needs higher pay and better food. A recognition of this fact made the Australians determine upon what is known as the "White Australia policy" of excluding coloured immigrants. Such a policy would be impossible in South Africa, for the obvious reason that the native races who are there cannot be exterminated like inconvenient animals—at least, not exterminated by Englishmen, who may be "beasts," but yet are on the whole "just beasts". Some say that the difficulty can be settled by the white man retaining the higher-paid work and the black man remaining a servant or manual labourer. This solution is only possible upon one of two assumptions: (1) that the black will be content to be as a hewer of wood to the white man, or (2) that the white man can force such servitude upon him. The experience of the Southern States is not a hopeful augury for either assumption. The negroes are not content, and although their opposition to insulting servitude lacks cohesion and purpose now, it is gathering in strength every year. So far as the British phase of the problem is concerned, any competent observer can see that industrial war between the blacks and whites must ensue if the two bodies continue to be organised into two camps in which there is no pretence at equality of treatment. Hostilities have not yet occurred, but many white workers in South Africa speak as though they were in the throes of a death struggle. Matters have gone quite far enough, however, to make wise men hesitate as to bringing native people, for the sake of the development of any financial undertaking, into further industrial competition with the whites.

It is not possible to deal adequately or at length with the obscure subject of race prejudice. The Southern States of America, however, provide unmistakable signs of the appalling extent to which race prejudice can make Christian white men forget all that their religion and humanity might seem to demand. When all possible extenuating circumstances are granted, the crimes of white mobs upon negroes are a black blot on the white race. They throw a lurid light upon the possibilities of corrosive race hatred everywhere. And, what is scarcely less terrific, they fail to produce the effect intended by the protagonists of lynch law. Criminal blacks are not deterred even by revolting cruelty. This is a fact. While, so far as the larger honest residue of negroes is concerned, the race are becoming more bitter in their resentment, more determined to have equal treatment with the whites. Will it be surprising if they go farther than this laudable object supposing the wheel of fortune makes them powerful enough to force their will upon those who now treat them with contumely and disdain? No wise American can afford to set aside such a contingency. It might easily occur if the Allies should be defeated in their struggle for the rights of minorities, and if America should come into collision with German will. This, however, is America's own affair. The question is: What can we, as wise men ourselves, learn from the experience of Americans?

There is another matter of primary importance to us which is shown in the American colour problem. By far the cruellest wrong that a white race can do to a black one is to debase its womanhood by illicit sexual intercourse. The question of consent is no excuse for such wrong. Theoretically the Americans accept this conception. They are nothing if they are not race proud. But the fact remains that the wrong is being done, and the wrong persons are being punished. The consequence is that there has arisen a community, neither white nor black, possessing no little intelligence, aptitude, and potentiality, and yet forced to throw all their weight, together with the burning flame of their righteous resentment, into the scale of the blacks. This aspect is stated deliberately, because it seems to an observer of another nationality to be the height of political inaptitude to treat white men, in whom there is the slightest trace of "coloured" blood, as blacks, and so to force them to consort with blacks and to stiffen the black power. There is a higher reason for a different treatment, so obvious that it need not be particularised.

It is the British problem, however, that retains our attention. In Australia, where a root-and-branch policy of excluding coloured immigration is firmly established, there is also a deep repugnance to miscegenation, even though it exists illicitly, and otherwise to a comparatively small degree. There is, however, nothing approaching ostracism of the innocent fruits of miscegenation. Probably there is much the same state of affairs in South Africa, while in New Zealand a strain of Maori blood is not counted to be any dishonour, even by those who guard the purity of the white race as a treasure beyond price. But what should the British policy be, provided that the British are farsighted enough to form a policy? Granted that we discourage mixed marriages, are we to punish the white partner in cases of miscegenation, or must we follow the American plan of ostracising socially the innocent children of such connections? There is a third alternative to which allusion is seldom made, although it appears to have succeeded in Dutch dominions. In Java the children resulting from miscegenation are educated to the standard of the white parent, and at the cost of the white parent. This appears to be a half-way house towards the position of equality taken by the Latin races in South America—a position which M. Jean Finot has shown is capable of some firm philosophical and historical support.

The subject is as difficult as it is important. This at least is a gain to the British in arriving at a wise and just solution. Whatever may be Teutonic ideals of domination, the British are laying down their lives not only for their own place under the sun, but in order that all other races shall have their fair share in that inestimable benefit.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RESTORATION OF SERBIA AND THE SOUTHERN SLAV UNION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you allow me, a Serbian, to say a few words on the restoration of Serbia, of which people are talking now? May I state the Serbian point of view?

The Allied Powers have declared that the restoration of Serbia forms one of the objects of the war. Well, of course, that goes without saying. It is only just that Serbia should recover all that she possessed before the war. She must not lose a single inch of the territory she possessed formerly, and it is to be hoped that no one—except the enemy—could for an instant harbour the ridiculous idea of disputing her possession of any part of Macedonia from some misplaced feeling for the Bulgarians.

But is that all? Is the national union of all those

who belong to the same race as the Serbs to be put off? Are the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes—one people, though known under three separate names—to remain still under the Austrian and Hungarian yoke?

I cannot believe this. I refuse to believe it because this war, which is being waged for the deliverance of small nations, cannot develop into a war against these small peoples. I refuse to believe it because this war, waged in the name of the principle of nationality, cannot deny that sacred principle. Rather will I believe what the great French newspaper said the other day on the subject. "And it is not alone", said "Le Temps", "the restoration of their territorial unity that the Serbs may in all confidence await from the issue of this conflict; it is the total and definite emancipation of the Yugoslav (Southern Slav) nation".

What would Serbia become without the national unification of the Southern Slavs? Is it to become what she was that she has fought so many heroic battles and endured so much superhuman suffering?

Since the commencement of the war Serbia has absorbed and kept on her front 300,000 Austrians, who would otherwise have been sent to the Russian front, and by so doing she signally facilitated the concentration of the Russian Army. By the victory of Cer, the first victory for the Allies, she performed a great service to the Russians, who shortly after entered Lemberg, and to the Allies in general, for the enemy's losses reached to 40,000. The costly offensive which Serbia undertook in the month of September of last year upon Austrian territory was entered upon solely with the end of facilitating the military operations of the Allies. Finally, by her great victory in the month of December, she smashed the enemy's offensive, inflicting upon him a loss of nearly 100,000 men. At the same time she prevented for a long while the Germans from joining the Turks. Thenceforth she was the only obstacle barring the road to Constantinople. All that time she kept Bulgaria in check. She also rendered possible the Anglo-French operations in the Dardanelles. At last came the break up; and Serbia, attacked by the threefold force of Germans, Austrians, and Bulgars, fell. But even in her fall she rendered inestimable service to the common cause by the infliction of terrible losses upon the enemy. The Bulgars suffered a loss of nearly 100,000. The losses of the Austro-Germans are not known, but it is clear that they, too, were enormous. And in spite of everything 200,000 Serb soldiers still remain, ready to intervene at the propitious moment, to speed the final victory.

I will not speak of the sufferings endured by Serbia. I will not speak of the killed and wounded, of the victims of epidemics, and of the barbarous enemy, of towns destroyed, of villages set fire to, nor of the wretched population fleeing from the invader, dying of cold and hunger, strewing with corpses the roads by which they fled. These are tragic pages without precedent in history. Such were the sufferings of Hiob. Such were Dante's visions of the "Inferno". Such were the horrors of the Apocalypse. We Serbs have a popular ballad which says: "Though the sea were an ink-pot and the sky a sheet of paper, none could write all we have suffered." It would hold no room for our sufferings.

Would it, then, be just that for all these sufferings and all these services rendered Serbia should obtain as her sole reward the *status quo ante*?

But perhaps you will say that, however important these services and these sufferings, yet it is too much that Serbia demands. She might be given Bosnia because that is a Serb country; she might be granted an outlet on the Adriatic because she alone of all Balkan States has no access to the sea; her northern frontier might be corrected to safeguard her capital in the future. But to give to Serbia all the Southern Slav provinces would be too great a reward, you may say.

Yet you would be wrong to argue thus, for that is

not the question. It is not a question of rewarding Serbia. And I, too, was wrong in stating the question as if it were only one of a recompense.

Serbia is not an Imperialist country. She is not seeking for an increase of her territory. She aspires only to the national union of the Southern Slav race, and in that she is but the mouthpiece of that race. For it is the Serbian, Croat, and Slovene peoples today still beneath the Austrian yoke who ask it. It is the fervent desire, the sole hope, and the only safety of that people. Here in London there is a Committee of Emigrant Southern Slavs. It is composed of representatives of the Southern Slav people outside of Serbia, of eminent individuals, deputies, professors, and artists. It has nothing to do with official Serbia. It speaks only in the name of our people who do not inhabit Serbia. Well, this Committee has drawn up a programme the object of which is to liberate all the Southern Slavs from the Austrian yoke and to unite them with their brothers from Serbia and Montenegro in one united State. Read the "Southern Slav Bulletin", the organ of this Committee, or the "Southern Slav Library", a series of informing booklets which the Committee publishes, and you will see their programme. Go and see the President of the Committee, Dr. Trumbic, and you will hear from the lips of this Croat the same words that you see written here by the hand of a Serb.

Eminent English writers will tell you the same thing. "To-day", writes Sir Arthur Evans ("The Near East", 16 July) "an integral part of the policy of ourselves and our Allies is the realisation of this Greater Serbian programme by the liberation of the Slav peoples between the Adriatic and the Drave, and the eventual formation of a Yugoslav State that shall include the Croats and Slovenes of the north-west as well as the Serbs proper". "Serbia's aim", says Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson ("The Balkans, Italy, and the Adriatic"), "is not conquest or annexation; it is the liberation and unification of all Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes in a single State, the new Yugoslavia. . . . Southern Slav unity must and will come. . . . The Southern Slavs have a great future before them. Let it be the task of Britain to help them to their true place in Europe". Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, the Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University, recently made a speech in which, according to the "Sheffield Independent", he proved that it is necessary to "gratify Serbian ambition and give her Bosnia and Herzegovina and other Slavonic provinces, so that there would be a Slavonic State, uniform in ideals and possessing a chance of development on national lines". "If the principle of nationalities", says Dr. Charles Sarolea ("Everyman", October 1915), "is not a vain word, and if national aspirations are to be fulfilled in the Europe of to-morrow, then Greater Serbia is certain to become a mighty State extending from Trieste, the very suburbs of which are inhabited by Serbians, to the outskirts of Salonika".

I will refrain from further quotations and from developing the arguments in favour of the Southern Slav thesis, and will close with a very simple observation.

Suppose for one moment that, when the war is finished, the Peace Conference has merely restored Serbia. What would be the advantage to the Entente Powers? The only service that Serbia can render them is that of being a buffer against German aggression. But could she be that? She could not. You see how Serbia was crushed as soon as the Germans wanted to crush her and entered into alliances with that object. Yet you cannot think that the German wolves will henceforth turn into innocent lambs who will leave Serbia in quiet prosperity. Still less is it possible for Serbia to change her neighbours and have her marches peopled by others than the treacherous Bulgars, the envious Austrians, and the rapacious Germans. In other words, the position of Serbia will remain as dangerous as it was formerly, and the unhappy country will be powerless to resist the combined pres-

sure of so many enemies. "What can I do for myself? What can I do for my country? And what can I do against the Turks who are ready to overrun my country?" cried, in an access of despair, a Serb hero of olden times. In truth, Serbia will not be strong enough against the new Turks who threaten her. What, then, is to be done?

Make her stronger—that is the only thing you can do. Unite under one State all the members of the Southern Slav family, for that is the only means whereby can be created the powerful buffer-State you need. It is because Serbia was weak that you had to send troops to her aid. Make her strong and you will no longer need to send them. She will be able to defend herself by the heroic right-hands of her own sons.

Recent events have proved once for all that the Entente has in the Balkans no true Allies but the Serbs. A friend, however, that the Entente will be for ever obliged to help is not a useful friend. A friend who can furnish help to the Entente is better.

I am,

Yours faithfully,
PAVLE POPOVIĆ.

THE RESOURCES OF THE ALLIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Grange,
Near Rotherham,
3 December 1915.

SIR,—Living in the backwoods and apart from all current intelligence, except that I read the "Morning Post" every day and the SATURDAY REVIEW every week—which except a man do faithfully, he cannot call himself educated—I have evolved two ideas concerning the war out of my inner consciousness. Probably these will be found to be impracticable, just as when one looks out a train in a railway guide one finds on going to the station that there is some such proviso as "Saturday only" or "Bank Holiday excepted" which prevents one travelling by it. However, such as they are, here they are. The first is: Why cannot we induce the Japanese to march on Constantinople through Baghdad? To allow such true and powerful friends as the Japanese to stand looking on seems to me like a man going into a fight with one arm tied behind his back. The second idea is: Why do we not employ the Zulus somewhere? They are the most warlike people and the finest fighting men in the world, with the possible exception of the Maoris, who are already fighting for us. Their present state of mind must be pitiable. It is true that some other genius has independently evolved this idea and already mooted it in the House of Commons, where, unless I am mistaken, it was pooh-poohed by Mr. Harcourt. But, sir, may not this latter circumstance on mature reflection possibly be considered in reality one of its greatest recommendations? I can see that the white South Africans might consider such an armed force a danger; but it could be drilled out of the country, and not returned there till after the conclusion of the war.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
GILBERT E. MOULD.

THE UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

35, South Eaton Place,
Eaton Square, S.W.,
4 December 1915.

SIR,—The statement in your editorial notes that the Union of Democratic Control meeting at the Memorial Hall was broken up through a spontaneous demonstration of public indignation is a travesty of the facts. The meeting was broken up by an organised band of men in uniform, who, I should judge, well represented the criminal instincts

of the Empire. They insulted women and men who were too old or infirm or physically disabled to protect themselves; in other words, they behaved exactly as one would expect from the hooligan class.

Yours faithfully,

C. H. NORMAN.

[We print this letter because it is a good specimen of the temper and conduct of prominent members of the Union of Democratic Control. The Government will have to deal with them more sternly, as this insolent letter shows.—Ed. "S.R."]

THE KAISER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 December 1915.

SIR,—I am not desirous of entering into this controversy concerning the crimes and virtues of the Kaiser, as represented, on the one hand, by the charges of Sir Alfred Turner, and, on the other hand, by the plea of Mr. Bernard Holland that Sir Alfred's "bloodthirsty maniac" is of near consanguinity to the Royal Family of England.

I merely wish to point out the foolishness of attempting to draw distinctions between royal relatives associated in this terrible war as enemies or allies; because the Royal Houses of Europe are in reality one large family, all most confusedly related, and almost without exception they are all descended from, or nearly allied to, the Coburgs; and the folly is therefore obvious of some newspapers applying the term "The Coburger" as a synonym of all the evils to the Tsar of Bulgaria.

In the same way, one must deprecate the republication of various books reviving the scandals of long defunct German princes. For example, the "Fair Greek," Pauline Panam, has just been dragged from her tomb of oblivion; but Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg, at whose hands she suffered so much, was the great grandfather of King George as well as of the Kaiser. It is better to forget the dynasties and concentrate attention on the armies, for with the latter rest the final results of the European Walpurgis of sacrifice and slaughter.

Your obedient servant,
S. M. ELLIS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Bernard Holland objects to Sir Alfred Turner's description of the German Kaiser as a bloodthirsty maniac; but if the horrors that this good man has caused, and coldly planned, from the Marne to Baghdad, do not show a very genuine taste for blood, then who can be called bloodthirsty? Certainly not the late Mr. Smith, who drowned no more than three women; and Attila, with his little heap of 100,000 skulls, cuts a very homely figure beside the man whose plans include the sacrifice of 300,000 of his own poor soldiers every month, and have done since the August before last.

The very number of your REVIEW that prints Mr. Holland's protest contains these excellent words by one of your reviewers: "The conclusion that follows upon Mr. Goddard's reasoning is that many crimes of peculiar savagery would be prevented if the higher-grade imbecile was recognised."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"GOTT STRAFE".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22, Green Park, Bath,

7 December 1915.

SIR,—One must remember there is a class of mind ready to send choice flowers to the cells of great criminals and even offers of marriage, so now it is almost natural that some of these kind of people should crop up and wish to protect this dear grandson of our Great Queen. One is, however, grateful to Sir Alfred Turner for his having the courage of his opinion, and although I may not be able to express myself with such ability as he does, I feel there are

no words in the English language strong enough to convey one's disgust and horror of this monstrous injustice thrust on us by an individual who should at least have his liberty taken from him for the remainder of his life—this is the utmost leniency that any person with heart or brain could consent to. The Kaiser himself remembered quite well his kinship to this country and hated us all the more; and the fact of his being the son of our good Princess Royal has not prevented him from desecrating her memory.

And what about the Tsar of Russia's correspondence that up to the last moment showed affection and anxiety, and most certainly proves he did not wish to go to war with his kinsmen? And yet the parrot cry, "This war was forced on me", is still kept up. For this base lie alone the Kaiser deserves the contempt of every sane person.

Yours faithfully,

PALMER DOWNING.

[We cannot print any more letters on this subject.—ED., "S.R."]

"THE PEOPLE'S FOOD".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cherry Tree Cottage, Epping.

SIR,—What has the Government done, or is going to do, in the matter of the food production of the country? Is the Government just "letting things slide", or are millions of acres of good English land, which in days gone past grew good English wheat, to remain untillied in deference to our political pedants and their preposterous "Free Trade" myths? The "Free Trade" cant-mongers have always assured our credulous and ill-informed democracy that all would be well with the People's Food—the "cheap loaf"—so long as the freedom of the seas was secured by the British Fleet. The "Freedom of the Seas" has been secured by our Fleet, and so well has the job been done that not a German boat is to be encountered on the oceans of the world, yet we have the damning fact that the "Free Trade" loaf of "Free Trade" England—the Great God of the Radicals—has jumped up nearly 100 per cent. from its pre-war price.

What is the explanation? It would seem to be as follows. We are forced to buy four-fifths of our bread from abroad in consequence of permitting our own land (some of the best in the world) to go out of cultivation and be sacrificed to the cheap and unpatriotic cosmopolitanism of our one-sided "Free Trade". We have left our people in the great emergency of this war to be systematically plundered by the Chicago wheat kings and shipping rings.

Many months ago our Ministers appointed a Commission of Experts, which included the foremost agricultural authorities in the kingdom, to study and report upon the National Food Problem. Presumably these gentlemen were brought together, not for amusement nor to while away their time, but to accomplish something tangible and to help the Cabinet make up its mind. The Commission strongly recommended the Government to standardise the price of wheat by guaranteeing the farmers a minimum of 45s. a quarter. If these recommendations had been carried out an immense impulse would have been given to food cultivation, and it is calculated that £150,000,000 of the unnecessary imports would have been cut down. On the other hand, had the Government guarantee resulted in a loss the loss would not have exceeded £5,000,000 in any one year. The Cabinet rejected the findings of its own Commission for "financial reasons". In other words, they could not afford to risk the loss of £5,000,000 per annum. Yet this is the same Government that is spending £5,000,000 a day on the war.

May I ask what was the object of the Government in taking up the time of some of the best intellects in the country and forming them into committees and then deliberately shelving their findings?

Meantime it will be observed that the Government refuses to do, or is incapable of doing, anything. It has conveniently evaded the whole question. Long, long ago leading authorities have hammered away at the Government and pointed out that a scheme of National Granaries containing a reserve of six months' supply of food was essential to protect our country from the very contingencies that

are now coming to pass, but, as might be expected, no heed was taken by the politicians and the lawyers that have sat upon the neck of the nation these past years.

It would seem that some of our so-called "statesmen", by their ignorance of business, their mental inaccessibility to new ideas, and by their short-sighted, hide-bound officialism, are slowly but surely bringing this kingdom to the verge of ruin.

How much longer?

Yours faithfully,

F. E. COE.

COMPULSORY INSPECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

45, Sudbourne Road, Brixton, S.W.,

27 November 1915.

SIR,—It is not compulsory inspection that is required anywhere; it is compulsory notification of contagious diseases and compulsory treatment of patients. It is not a question at all of morality, because a person with a disease may marry and either communicate it or pass it on to children.

Smallpox and scarlet fever are rare diseases amongst us now; so also might these other terrible diseases be if the powers that be did not strain the word "morality" beyond all reason.

It is a wrong argument to quote hospital cases, because facilities for cure outside hospitals are more numerous than formerly.

Disease is more rampant than official statistics disclose; the war has not helped to reduce it!

According to Mr. Neilans's logic, abolition of notification has reduced disease!

The "system" is *not* based on the supposition that the "professional" woman is the chief agent. Everyone knows that it is the "clandestines" who are the great danger; "professionals" have the sense to get cured where a cure is possible. "Clandestines" are afraid.

I heartily support Mr. Thos. H. Carson's views, and knowing something of what is done abroad I say those views are right.

Yours faithfully,

A. E. BALE.

LEITOURGIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dundee.

SIR,—The charming dissertation on the Greek word "leitourgia" ought to make the modern intellectuals furiously to think. They may have surpassed the Pagan savants in science and in invention, but have they equalled them in prevision, philosophy, and psychology? More than two thousand years ago Demosthenes forestalled the arm-chair generals and the military experts of to-day in giving not dissimilar counsel during a war to the military staff of Greece. M. Gustave Fougères, the eminent Helleniste and Director of the French School at Athens, sends M. Maurice Barres, of the French Academy, and leader writer of *L'Echo de Paris*, the following translation of the words of wisdom to his countrymen in their dire hour of need of the greatest orator of ancient times:—

"Atheniens", said Demosthenes, "in that which touches the war and its preparation, all is confused, without method or programme. The time to act is lost in preparation: the favourable occasions do not wait on our slowness and our timidity. The forces that were judged sufficient reveal themselves insufficient on the day of execution. These are truths, unfortunately, and without doubt disagreeable to hear. If we were assured that in suppressing all the facts that displease us we should succeed in suppressing them in reality, we would not give to the people more news than was pleasant. But if the news is not conformable to the reality—which is to our detriment—it would be criminal to abuse you by concealing every painful effort that had failed in the execution. Learn, therefore, to comprehend that for the war to be well conducted we ought to put ourselves, not behind but at the head of events. Wisdom is to direct events, as a general ought to direct his troops,

in order to impose his will on them, instead of being reduced to follow the facts (or deeds) accomplished. Now, you, Atheniens, who have the greatest forces—cavalry, infantry, and finances—it is not necessary that you make war against Philip in the manner of the barbarian pugilists. As soon as the latter are touched, they parry the blow, and everywhere where they receive a new stroke, it is there that they throw their hands. They know not, and wish not to cover themselves in advance, nor to guard themselves from attack. Thus do you! If you learn that Philip is in Chersonese, you decide on an expedition to that country; if he is at Thermopylae you run there; if he is elsewhere, no matter where, you follow him there. Here or there, it is he who leads you. You take not any advantageous military initiative: you do not foresee anything before learning that the fact is accomplished, or about to be accomplished. These tactics have suited other times, but here we are at the critical moment, and these are no more admissible."

The present circumstances demand that the Allies conquer the Beast of Prey, and take the offensive against all his manœuvres.

I am, etc.,

THOMAS OGILVY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Guildenburgh Hall, Northampton,
8 December 1915.

SIR,—Permit me to congratulate your contributor, Mr. H. J. Marshall, on his letter on "leitourgia". One gets rather overwhelmed by literature nowadays, and it takes a good deal to make me write a letter, but I was so charmed with the broad, classic touch of "leitourgia" and it conjured up so many memories of poets and philosophers and Greek drama that I feel compelled to express it.

Yours truly,

MIRIAM BLOCH.

QUESTIONS IN THE HOUSE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I should be one of the last to wish to curtail the rights of Members of Parliament, but though some members of the Government may have plenty of time even now for answering questions, there are a few whose time in the present state of affairs is of real importance. I suggest, therefore, that it would be for the benefit of the country to provide that no question shall be put to the Premier or any one of five other members nominated by him unless a copy of it signed by twelve members of the House has been delivered 24 hours before the question is put, and that when it is put all those members shall be present, and that if any one be absent otherwise than from illness or some equally good cause, he shall be for one month precluded from joining in any such question. This would not prevent matters of urgency being brought forward as questions of Privilege or Motions for adjournment.

Your obedient servant,

ZETTES.

THE FOX TROT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bechstein Hall, Wigmore Street, London, W.

SIR,—In a late edition of your REVIEW Mr. Walter Winans gives the origin of the name "fox trot" as derived from that of the "pace" of a horse, and that the dance known as "Fox Trot" is derived from that movement. I am sorry to have to disagree with that statement. The facts are that the dance was invented early in 1914 by a New York vaudeville dancer named Mr. Fox, and the selection of the steps was arranged by him quite independently of anything zoological.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES D'ALBERT.

Vice-President, Imperial Society of Dance Teachers,
and Editor of "Encyclopædia of Dancing".

* * In the letter published last week upon Sir John Hare in "Caste," the name of the actor Honey was misprinted "Harley."

REVIEWS.

"A SPIRIT WITHOUT SPOT."

"The Life of Sir Philip Sidney." By Malcolm William Wallace. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1915. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. WALLACE is the Associate Professor of English Literature in the University College of Toronto. He belongs to the present-day school of historical method and criticism, but the young life of Canada has kept him apart from the worst failings of this school—its elderly pride, its aridity, and its plodding English. Mr. Wallace wants to be read, and he knows that the greatest of all public needs is not the making of experts, but the making of efficient public servants in every field of intellectual research, so that knowledge may pass from a few minds into the daily thought and life of the people. Not until the electorate is a university also, alert and wide-awake to the value of fertile knowledge, can a democracy be anything more than a headlong egoist and a danger.

The high price of this good book shows how far off the public is kept from the breeding periods of English literature and of English adventure. It is a book almost wholly of text: only one half-tone block adds to the cost of its production; and yet a smaller price than 10s. 6d. net could not be chosen without indiscreet financial risk, because the modern historical method has been usually a recluse, instead of a busy colonist in over-thronged towns and in dull country homes after dark. Most experts like to write for experts and to pick bones over obscure and trivial details. They have the vanity of all little sects, and imagine that the world is awed by their hermit erudition.

Fifty years have gone by since Mr. Fox-Bourne printed his "Memoirs of Sir Philip Sidney". About twenty-five years later he became dissatisfied with his work, so he rewrote it, making his treatment briefer, more entertaining, and nearer to those minds that read after a long day's work. Many other books on Sidney have been published—rather, have been thrown upon the market in quite a modern fashion: that is to say, they have been versions of Mr. Fox-Bourne issued under the names of noted and original students. Mr. Wallace has no wish thus to romp into fame on another man's athletic shoulders. Loving the epic qualities of Sir Philip, he goes at first-hand to the sources of information, and allows a noble story to grow again into the drama of a generatively tragic time. Something new and true is related, for Mr. Wallace was lucky enough to put his hand on some contemporary notes of Philip's school-days: manuscript notes gleaned from a damp-rotted document of great interest which he found at Penshurst. Nor are these the only fresh details. Mr. Wallace says: "I am afraid that my desire to tell everything that a student of Sidney's life may wish to know has sometimes had the effect of obscuring the wood by the multitude of the trees". On this point Mr. Wallace may set his mind at rest. He cares so much for his good subject that his reader also cares for every bit of its profusion.

But in one respect he obeys too meekly the present-day historical method. His plan is too methodical to be in accord with the waywardness of life and history. To be grounded in history is to learn not that the narration of human events in their acts has ever been methodised, but that it has always been a narration of devious surprise. A discursive manner of writing is nearer by far to the soul of historic life than any ordered plan that the patience of a logical brain can devise and then impose on history. Most people shun the past in books—in the books of scholars, of course—merely because these books have usually a tyrannous plan which only very close and anxious reading can master. Thackeray's rambling fondness for two periods of English history is a memorable lesson to all historians; but it is not at all likely to be accepted, because no vanity in this world is either stronger or techier than that which is bred by a habit of methodising history into developing schemes. Charles Darwin was keenly alive to the essential value of a fluent

survey and of roundabout enquiries and gropings and cross-questions.

Sidney himself could not have written his life as methodically as Mr. Wallace has planned it into ordered chapters. So many unexpected events happened in the brief seasons of his thirty-two years that he would have failed inevitably to find logical sequence in the drama of his recollections. His mind would have toured through its memories, a wondering Rambler, a philosopher of the peripatetic school. All biographical routines, however skilful they may be, are as contrary to the waywardness of life as are garden hedges when cut into ornamental shapes.

To speak frankly on these points, however, is not to find fault with Mr. Wallace; it is to ask from him a greater change than he has made in the classroom attitude to historical methods. He can learn much from Boswell, for instance, who roves into character and life, freeing his work from the atmosphere of schoolroom lectures and dictatorships.

Mr. Wallace speaks from the pre-war times, but he says: "When we are able once more to turn to books that deal with themes not directly related to the one all-engrossing subject, the life of Sidney may possess a new interest for us, for he, too, died in the Netherlands in defence of ideals strangely similar to those for which the British nation is to-day engaged in a life-and-death struggle".

Two words in this quotation should be noted—the pronouns "we" and "us"—for they do not describe any particular set of readers. "We" may include every person who hires books from a library, or it may mean nothing more than two or three hundred pedants. The common notion that, in so far as the people are concerned, the past belongs to a few novelists—Dumas, Scott, Charles Reade, and a dozen others—is a notion to be combated by historians, by the writing of seductive books. Historians ought to be ashamed of the fact that the past in most of their books has no charm—is even hateful—to most readers. The British people have no grounding at all in history, despite the huge sums of money spent year after year on their "education". So it says much for Mr. Wallace that he wants to be read with pleasure.

This notice follows the example set by Montaigne in the criticism of books: it keeps to the general impressions made by an author on his reader. Mr. Wallace in his design sets the greatest store by parentage and by ancestral associations and traditions. The life of Philip's father is made a part of Philip's; and the boy takes great pride in his mother's lineage.

There is much to linger over in the chapter on Shrewsbury School. Would "scholars" of the first form to-day before taking their weekly holiday like to declaim in Latin an act of a comedy? In 1582 the bailiffs made a proclamation that neither schoolboys nor apprentices should go abroad on election evening "to disquiet the town with unreasonable noises, fightings, and disorders"; and a statute of the time says that "the scholars' play shall be shooting in the long bow and chess play, and no other games except it be running, wrestling, or leaping". "No game to be above one penny or match above four pence." Mr. Wallace says: "It was the renaissance period in the popularity of archery as of many other things", but this dictum must be modified. Archery statutes had been in vogue from the time of Edward I., and Henry VIII. strengthened the best and enforced them diligently. Philip, when making preparation for his Christmas holiday, bought "certain bird bolts to shoot at birds".

Every chapter is alive; and sometimes the narrative rises from amusing facts into dramatic perception. But it does not visualise what Sidney must have seen in Paris during the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Sir Philip as a man of letters has two chapters to himself, both good as an addition to Charles Lamb's essay. Who remembers Sir Philip's Rhombus in "The Lady of May"? Rhombus, the prototype of Holofernes, "a Pedagogue, one not a little versed in the disciplinating of the juvenal frie", is a forefather of many a tedious expert.

THE PRIME OF THE NEW ARMIES.

"The First Hundred Thousand." By Ian Hay. Blackwood. 6s.

[Published this week.]

NO document of the war has made more friends for its author than the monthly contributions of "Junior Sub." to the pages of "Blackwood's Magazine". It was realised at once that here was the essential spirit and character of the new armies trippingly rendered in the free English of a diarist who records familiar and daily things. The gallant boyishness, humour, and abounding life of the young men who came forward at the first call to arms has month by month been rendered for us by "Junior Sub." with a happy freedom from the studied arts of authorship. It would seem that "Junior Sub.," a practised author, instinctively has repressed all that is formal and deliberate in his craft in order to allow his theme the greater freedom. These sketches of life in the new armies strike one at first as the sort of thing any young officer, not long since at Oxford or Cambridge, might write home to his people from his camp or from the trenches. They contain all that is irrepressibly brave, comical, devoted, prosaic, glorious, or dull in the lives of thousands of young men who in the last eighteen months have been learning the business and the art of war; and these things are rendered not in the measured prose of an essayist or in the cunning "effects" of a story-teller, but in the argot of the orderly room, the "shop" of the camp and the trench, the slang of daily conversation in the training grounds of England, behind the lines in France, and the fiercest front of the battle.

We have so often noticed the monthly progress of "Junior Sub." in "Blackwood's Magazine" that the "First Hundred Thousand" in book form requires no more than a postscript in appreciation of his full career. It is a career to be—"if Providence wills"—indefinitely resumed, but these pages alone might well be the full career of a happy warrior. They take us from the forming of fours by soldiers a day old to the ordeal by battle of these same soldiers in their own glorious and distinguished share in the Big Push of September last. The best of Great Britain to-day lies between—the patience, aptitude, endurance, cheerfulness, intelligence, and imagination of the best of British brain and temper. In this book lies the resolution of all doubts or fears as to the future of our country—a country whose best men, any number of them, are always willing to save the rest of the nation, less as though it were a solemn duty than a glorious task.

We have no pride in that thing which is now falsely called a free and spontaneous uprising of the people, but pride in the new armies is another matter. This has nothing to do with principles saved or pared away upon platforms or in committee rooms. It has to do with British manhood, humorous and healthy, able to be turned at will into a fighting manhood whose qualities are as natural and inrooted as the very different qualities of the French or Russian fighting man. Whatever this war may hold for us the British historian will at least be able to say that a war which caught the nation unprepared caught it surpassingly rich in the enthusiasm of its chosen youth. In the universities and the schools, in the mines and shops, there were young men testifying to the enduring soundness of British life without protestation or fuss, even at a time of flourishing false phrases and weak leadership. The proof of it is upon scores of merry pages of this heartening book as well as upon pages where the ultimate sacrifice of brave men has to be recorded with a manly regret entirely free of any weak or sentimental repining. The virtue which, in the noble phrase of Milton, "built up this Britannic Empire to a glorious and enviable height with all her daughter islands about her", springs and flourishes greenly in this joyful book—a book fit to be read for consolation and hope in the heaviest private hour of those who must stay in England and watch the glory that reaches to-day from Loos to the Euphrates.

No one can follow week by week the career of the new armies in these pages without knowing and feeling that beyond all doubt or cavil the gradual changing of men from offices and counters, men strangers to each other and to all soldiery, into the soldiers of Loos and Lancashire Landing is one of the greatest things in our history. This great achievement of Lord Kitchener must rank not merely among the most remarkable technical accomplishments in our records. It must also rank as a deep and permanent influence in our national life. Young England will never be quite like the old. It must bear itself more erectly in things physical and social. It has taken great draughts of British air, has rooted itself anew in British soil. The first hundred thousand has been followed by many more, and all of them, however or wherever formed, have learned the same great lessons of the soldier. The leaven of a disciplined and a manly courage is at work in every class and region of the country.

MARTHA AND MARY.

"The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary." By Stephen Graham. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

MARTHA, Martha, thou art cumbered about with many things: but one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." These words are the text of Mr. Stephen Graham's book, and the book is at once a study of Russian religious life, and of the spirits of Russia and the West as they appear in contrast with one another. The author has put all his heart and head into the work. In some ways the volume may be called an appendix to much that he has written aforetime, and it is certainly the result of his experiences on many travels in different lands. In the beginning, indeed, he allows himself a certain number of generalisations. He has been in America and he went eastward by way of Germany in the days before the war. Essentially these are the countries where the example of Martha is most closely followed. With them the house is either set in order or is perpetually being set in order, the duty of material well-being is emphasised, and the ideals of life are regulated by a syllabus. In the one case the root idea may be rather personal, in the other rather national, but it is simply a case of different applications of the same principle. The historic journey from log-cabin to White House points a parallel moral to that of the progress from the Mark of Brandenburg to Pan-Germanism. The ladder is always in evidence, and it is not Jacob's ladder. Things of the spirit are not necessarily excluded by this system, but they are not necessarily included, and religion is expected to yield practical results on earth. The priest or pastor who works among his people, preaching, as it were, godliness as an aid to cleanliness, can be sure of universal praise, but the enclosed monk is an object of pity or, perhaps, of dislike. A life passed in prayer and contemplation appears a bad example where all are expected to put their hands to the steam-plough.

To reach Russia is to find a people amongst whom the good part of Mary is given its due. A kind of parody might, of course, be written on this book, in which comparisons would be drawn between the way of the ant and the way of the grasshopper, but it would miss an essential point. The author does not love the Russians merely because, let us say, he has seen a certain slovenliness in their dress or soiled his own boots with the mud that nobody has troubled to collect from their streets. He loves them because they have their minds on other things which they and he consider infinitely more important, and there is no positive evidence that the grasshopper was not an empty-headed insect, though, in truth, some commentator may be claiming that his chirps were a song of praise to the sun. Nor is the Russian, as seen in these pages, always and entirely without the will for doing things. There is a section of the bourgeoisie,

plainly abhorred by the author which has resolved to westernise the country. They are mockers, and their prophet is Artzibashef, a writer whose novels are being translated into English as the latest manifestations of Russian genius. Of course they are nothing of the sort. They are simply copies of what almost every other European nation is producing much better by the dozen. Other sections of the community, far more worthy of notice, are, however, setting themselves to good work, their feet, indeed, following Martha, but with their eyes yet fixed on Mary. Pity prompts them, but their acts are not part of a system. They do not even arise from a sense of duty, for duty is about the last appeal likely to inflame a Russian heart. What they do is done for love of the unfortunate, and it is not even tinted with hope of reward in a future life. "The East", says Mr. Graham, "feels far more that the reward is within you".

Alms are given to the beggar, aid to the sick, yet few desire that the roads and beds should be emptied of all who need help. Sickness, poverty, war and famine are scarcely looked on as in themselves evil, though one may overflow with pity for those individuals who suffer from them. Here we approach Oriental mysticism in its most inscrutable form, and we fear that it is very little good for Mr. Graham or anybody else to attempt an explanation for Western intelligence to grasp. Melchior de Vogüé called it "tragic bitterness" in Dostoevsky, but the great critic's phrase scarcely fills the gap, for in the emotion itself there is both mild resignation and a chant of thanksgiving. Tragedy surely is there, but the bitterness, one suspects, was introduced by the French lover of humanity, who saw all his own most splendid hopes thrown from the table as food for dogs. Often the convict and the drunkard are classed with the lunatic as unfortunates in Russia. There is no inclination to be censorious.

In many Russian homes the black sheep of the family is not hustled out of sight, but is given his place at the board, and is not even regarded as the skeleton at the feast. True charity and true fraternity seem to lie at the root of the national character. Perhaps it is inevitable that over such a people the Government should be to a very large extent autocratic, for moral suasion and coercion by popular opinion are evidently out of the question. Such a reform as the prohibition of vodka, though said to be generally welcomed, could only have come by order of the Czar, for the most sober of his subjects would probably have hesitated to interfere with a neighbour's liberty of action.

BEYOND WRITTEN HISTORY.

"Prehistoric Art." By Ernest A. Parkyn. Longmans. 1915. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. PARKYN has many good qualities, but he has yet to learn how to live among the prehistoric families and how to make real to us the tragedy of their creeping progress. His book is many other books, for every page of it gleams with much care from other writers, and on some pages (i.e., 64 and 65) no fewer than seven footnotes tell an expert reader that Mr. Parkyn is familiar with all the stock authorities. Suppose Charles Reade had obeyed this custom in his "Cloister and the Hearth"; suppose he had stiffened his chapters with frost-bound footnotes in order to throw a chill on his readers. Mr. Parkyn somehow forgot that fellow-specialists would know at a glance from which sources he had taken his material, and that ordinary readers would accept his knowledge unquestioningly if he amused them.

A book on history is always a mosaic made with borrowed tesserae, but there is something tyrannical in Mr. Parkyn's loyalty to facts as words rather than to facts as the material with which divined social truths are fused together by the heat of an imaginative conception. It is clear, too, that Mr. Parkyn is afraid of other experts, and takes infinite pains to be safely

entrenched from their ravaging criticism. He knows their bellicose foibles and fears their flanking attacks. For this reason he wastes words in a good many round-about sentences. For example:

"The conclusion, however, to which we are drawn, in the light of our present knowledge, is, that whilst it is impossible to give a complete answer to the question we are considering, we shall probably not be far wrong in the opinion that Late Celtic ornament owed its origin to several influences (still to be clearly defined) from the East and South, which the Celtic genius absorbed and transformed into a style of its own, of characteristic individuality and beauty, the highest expression of which is seen in the British Isles."

Mr. Parkyn, if he had faith in himself, would do better work. He starts out with good ideas, and then drifts away from them into a dependence on "authorities". Let him break away from this routine, and let him try to see the prehistoric periods. From the material in his pages any writer of imagination could make a breathing book. This does not mean that his pages are without life, for Mr. Parkyn puts 318 illustrations in the text and adds to them 16 plates, among which there are two coloured pictures. Here is one of his good ideas. He knows that a book on art should be mainly a book of illustrations. And nothing could be better than his choice of work to represent at first hand the vicissitudes of art and craft from the Older Stone Age to the dawn of written history. In other words, Mr. Parkyn is a very admirable editor. His editing work is a museum of very rare antiquities; and what man of sense will not pass with awe from chapter to chapter, studying the illustrations, and brooding over the tragic patience of primitive mankind?

LATEST BOOKS.

"For All We Have And All We Are," By the Rev. G. B. Bourchier. Skeffington. 2s. 6d. net.

General Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien writes a "foreword" to this book commending it. Mr. Bourchier has won many friends among soldiers during his experience as chaplain of the 58th London Division. These addresses were written for soldiers, and they deal directly with the soldier's duty and the soldier's part in war. The addresses are prefaced by an account of the author's experiences as a prisoner in the hands of the Germans during the period of their first outrageous bitterness against the English. He was arrested when acting as chaplain under the Belgian Red Cross. He was in Brussels in August, 1914, in Louvain the night before the massacre, and was arrested at Hasselt. He suffered repeated indignity and was in peril of his life more than once. Finally he was released, and after recovering from his experiences joined the army as chaplain to the 58th. But Mr. Bourchier is one who has thought, as well as suffered, on behalf of the Allied cause; and here is the result of his thinking.

"The Great World War." The Gresham Publishing Company. To be Completed in Twelve Parts. 2s. 6d. net each Part.

This history of the Great War is edited by Mr. Frank Mumby, and the various sections are initiated by his contributors. The history is broad and clear in outline, well printed and abundantly illustrated. The whole course of events is traced with an excellent sense of proportion, and a wise decision to avoid any harking back upon old controversies. Thus, the treatment of the Antwerp expedition is entirely correct; and the judgments upon public men who are serving to-day in the fighting services or the administration, might, with advantage, be taken as a model by some of our Parliamentary sharpshooters. This book can be recommended to all who are in need, now and then, of retracing the earlier progress of the war in the light of later events. Here, moreover, is an accurate and balanced record for future reference.

ONCE A MONTH.

The "Nineteenth Century" publishes a deeply thoughtful analysis of M. Bourget's new book by Mr. W. S. Lilly—"Le Sens de la Mort". Mr. Francis Gribble speaks of Germany as seen from an Internment Camp, and Mr. J. A. R. Marriott studies the problem of the Adriatic. Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Problems for a European Congress" will not be welcomed by those who season all their politics with illusions. Général Berthaut draws an excellent portrait of the French soldier, and says a good many

things that Ministers should read with care. People in this country forget that Frenchmen for fifteen months have been fighting a defensive war, instead of being able to exercise their racial desire to attack. "The Serbian Soldier in Action" is a capital paper by E. Hilton Young. Professor J. H. Morgan concludes his "Leaves from a Field Note-Book"—a valuable set of first-hand sketches. Nothing could be truer in reticent pathos, in nobility of feeling, than the sketch entitled "Bobs Bahadur". Two articles appeal to the female side of politics: "Working Women and Drink", by Anna Martin, and "Women and the Reconstruction of Industry", by Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, M.P.

The "Fortnightly Review" opens with a dramatic poem of Mr. John Masefield, presenting the trial and death of Christ. Mr. Masefield keeps entirely clear of traditional language, and gives a modern rendering of the incidents, even to adopting words of command from the War Office drill book. He writes with great sincerity, but quite naturally he fails in the impossible thing he has attempted. We pass to "Pictures from Gallipoli", rendered by Mr. Sydney A. Moseley from stories heard at the officers' breakfast table on the "Euripedes"—a converted hospital ship—tales of heroism and great suffering. Mr. Archibald Hurd writes of a visit to "the Grand Fleet"; Auditor Tantom of "Efficiency and Numbers". An article which will be of great interest in London is Mr. A. J. Liversedge's "Possibilities of the Large Airship". To balance much that is wise and well considered there is a loose and foolish article on the "Outlines for a Permanent Peace" by Mr. Charles Stewart. He lays down successive principles which are quite impossible of practical definition or application. Wisely the "Fortnightly" includes an article or so upon subjects outside the war.

The "National Review" takes the opportunity offered by the reports concerning Lord Kitchener's retirement to assert very definitely and generously our debt to Lord Kitchener and his great services. The thorough loyalty of the "National" to Lord Kitchener has been of real value to the country. Mr. Maxse's review pulls down so much that it has a considerable effect upon public opinion when it is seen to have a perfect confidence in Lord Kitchener. Here Mr. Maxse is definitely distinguished from those "critics" who regard criticism as a game of skittles in which every public figure stands to be aimed at.

"Blackwood's Magazine", during the temporary occultation of Junior Sub—he begins again in January next—opens with another document of the war by a "Gaspique" or cyclist officer. This has the same fighting humour of the British Subaltern which makes Ian Hay's record so joyous and heartening. One of the most thoughtful and scholarly articles we have yet read on the recruiting question, considered historically, also appears in Blackwood over the initials G. T. W. There are many other records from the outposts of the war and the Empire—notably an account of a cruiser's operations in the Cameroons. The Editor's Musings are extremely critical of Mr. Asquith's "Stick-at-nothing" speech.

This month's "Cornhill" is rich and bright with very good literary gossip, Bishop Frodsham chatting about the humour of Thackeray, and Mr. Thomas F. Plowman going back with ease to the same period, and relating many a thing that is full of character. Lady Charnwood introduces some last-century letters, letters from Warren Hastings, Sydney Smith, H. More, Mrs. Shelley, Shelley himself, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Walter Scott, Byron, and Rouget de Lisle. All the other papers are good. A. G. Bradley writes on the military traditions of Canada, Edmund Candler on France; and "Switzerland in Wartime" is a useful paper by Arnold Lunn.

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